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The Magazine of Central Virginia

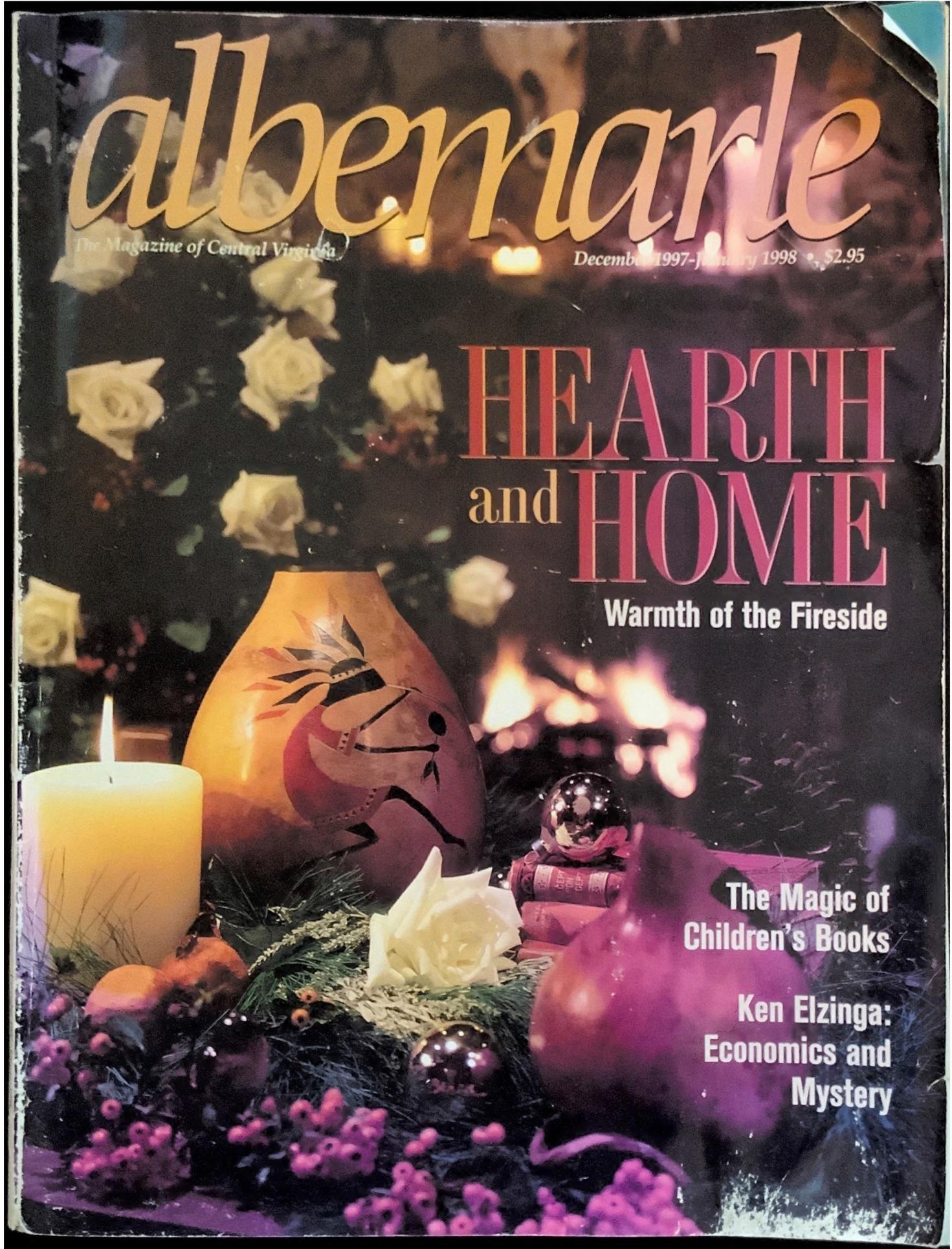
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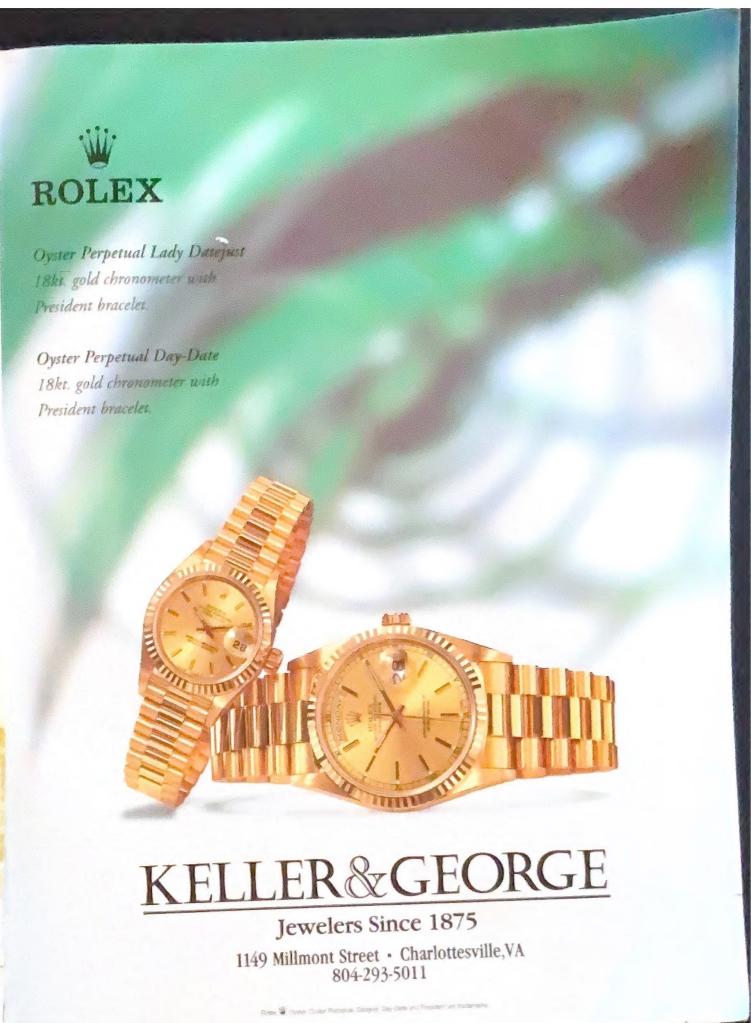
## HEARTH and HOME

Warmth of the Fireside

The Magic of  
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Ken Elzinga:  
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## Jason Mutarelli: Champion Wrestler

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**U**niversity of Virginia wrestling coach Lenny Bernstein first noticed Jason Mutarelli when Mutarelli was a high school senior in Catawba, Pennsylvania. The move to recruit the promising wrestler began shortly afterward, and in due time the University was able to pin its man: Mutarelli chose to come to Virginia.

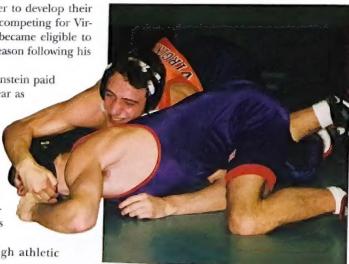
"The recruiting process, I heard a lot about the academic side of Virginia—it had a really good academic reputation," Mutarelli remembers. "When I came down, I fell in love with the Grounds. The wrestling coaching staff was great. I could really see myself here."

When Bernstein first saw Mutarelli, he was impressed by the wrestler's potential. He held high hopes that the athlete would work to develop what the coach was then seeing mainly as potential. Mutarelli hasn't disappointed. His first year at Virginia was a time for this development, and though he did well, he didn't make it to any championships. Great improvement was made in his second year, and he did very well in the ACC tournaments.

So well, in fact, Coach Bernstein decided to "red-shirt" him. Red-shirted, Mutarelli could compete in open tournaments but not for the University of Virginia. The third year is generally a good year for the most talented wrestlers to take off from their teams in order to develop their techniques on their own. By not competing for Virginia in his third year, Mutarelli became eligible to wrestle with the Cavaliers in the season following his graduation.

The work of Mutarelli and Bernstein paid off. Last year—Mutarelli's final year as a student but only his third as a Virginia wrestler—was marked by championships and placements. Besides performing brilliantly in the ACC's, he won a championship in the Keystone Classic and came in sixth in the prestigious Midlands Championships—perhaps the nation's most demanding tournament.

While keeping up with a tough athletic



schedule, Mutarelli was a student in the Commerce School with a concentration in finance and marketing. He plans to work in the financial services sector when he leaves the University, maybe in investment banking, but for the most part, those considerations will need to wait until after the 1997-98 season.

Right now, Mutarelli and Bernstein are looking forward to what may be their best season yet. "This year could be the best ever," says Coach Bernstein. "Last year, we had seven guys qualify for the national championships, which was a UVa. record. The good news is only one of those guys graduated, so we've got six with national experience back. It could be a very, very strong year for us, and I think it will be."

Mutarelli, for his part, has never second-guessed his decision to come to Virginia. "It's been great," he says. "I've never regretted my decision. The guys I've met on the team and the experiences I've had, I'll carry with me for the rest of my life. It's one of the best times I've had, being a member of the team. It's just great to watch a team get better and better, individuals as well as the team."

"I've loved Charlottesville," he adds. "The people are so friendly around here, and the excitement that Charlottesville has about the University is overwhelming; it's really exciting to watch."

The Virginia Student Aid Foundation supports many student-athletes like Mutarelli, offering the financial support that makes it possible for them to attend the University of Virginia.

"The Foundation has been very supportive in terms of rising to the occasion," Bernstein says. "The VSAF and the people who work for them put in tireless hours to raise the level of Virginia sports—that's all sports across the board. We're certainly indebted to them."

Mutarelli agrees: "I appreciate everything the VSAF does for student-athletes. It gives them the chance to attend a university like this. Some people are unfortunate and can't; they don't get the opportunity to come to a great school like Virginia. The VSAF supports so many dreams and the kids can realize their potential."

—Guy H. Archer

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ALBEMARLE

## LETTER FROM THE EDITOR



more traditional illustration routes but in a range of styles and subjects that is irresistible to the interested reader—of any age.

*"The stockings were hung by the chimney with care..."*

The holiday season just wouldn't seem as warm and welcoming without a fire in the fireplace. Philip Beaufreine's photography of fireplaces gives us a sampling of just how many ways there are to provide that dramatic design focal point or cozy fireside.

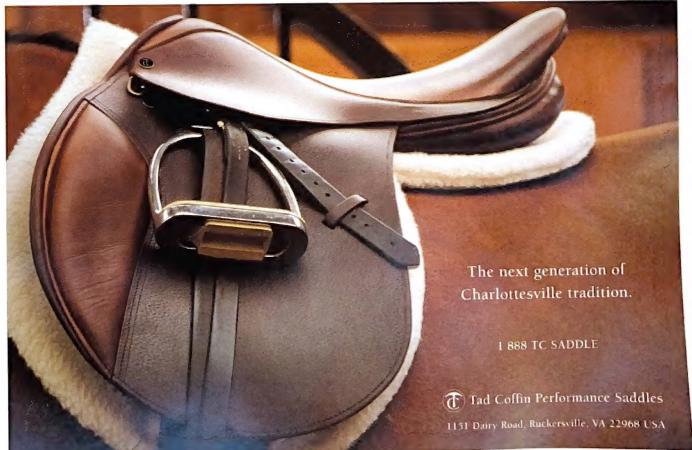
Also in the holiday spirit, Rachael Kelly pours us a glass of—take your pick—port, sherry or Madeira, explaining the finer points of each of these wines and offering her recommendations.

We visit with two mystery writers in this issue. Bernice Grohskopf gives us a fascinating glimpse of Wilkie Collins, who (arguably) wrote the first detective novel, *The Moonstone*. Our other mystery writer is better known as one of UVa.'s most popular professors, Ken Elzinga. Guy Archer delves into Elzinga's past, his strong faith and his professional calling as he explores a personality even more compelling than that of Elzinga's economist-sleuth Henry Spearman.

All this...and Rita Mae loses her marbles.

From all of us at *Albemarle*, I wish you and yours a joyous holiday season and a glorious New Year.

*Nancy*



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# WHO READS ALBEMARLE?



Michael Nichols

The NBC29 weather guys do! Robert Van Winkle (center), Norm Sprouts (left) and Eric Pritchett are all set to celebrate WVIR-TV NBC29's twenty-first year of broadcasting in 1998. Often perceived as "sobering" the weather, not just reporting it, Robert, Norm and Eric have to keep up with changing weather conditions over a wide area, in which a distance of just a few miles can create a completely different weather situation.

Robert likes winter the best. He says, "Winter is more fun.

It's more frustrating, but it's more fun." Norm and Eric diplomatically take pleasure in the different seasons. "I enjoy the uniqueness that each season brings," says Eric.

Norm, who grew up in Fluvanna County, has been at NBC29 since 1990. He likes *Albemarle* magazine because "the photography is excellent, just superb." Robert, an eleven-year resident of central Virginia, says, "Albemarle just looks like a magazine you would want to sit down and read with a cup of coffee. It invites you to read it. And it looks like a big city magazine here in our small town."

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## LETTERS TO HOME

### ANCHORS AWEIGH

*Susan Tyler Hitchcock*

Here we go again. By the time you read this magazine, my husband, my two children and I will be aboard *Kia Ona*, a twenty-year-old sloop still new to us, underway on another family sail.

It's been since our last one, when the four of us took a school year and sailed the Caribbean. In those five years, a lot has changed. We're all older, of course. I have reached my late forties; David's over fifty now. The change doesn't show as dramatically in us as in our children, moving from ages six and eight to eleven and thirteen, from first and third grades to sixth and eighth, from learning to read and multiply to learning algebra and Latin.

Other changes. We're no longer sailing *Hei Tiki*, the boat David has known for thirty years. With the death of his father a year ago, disposition of that boat became more complicated. It seemed fate for our family to take possession of a boat all our own. *Kia Ona*—named for a Maori greeting in friendship—measures 36 feet, a little bigger than *Hei Tiki* and a bit more spiffy, too, with its huntergreen sail boot and its crisp white sails.

We're sailing in another direction this time. We start in Florida, then sail down the Keys, past Key West to the Dry Tortugas. Then we pause, take a deep breath, and embark on this journey's one long open-water passage: the jump from the tip of the Keys to the northeast corner of the Mexican Yucatan peninsula. We'll land at Isla Mujeres and rest up for a little while, then start coasting down the Yucatan and on to Belize, our farthest destination. Sometime in January then, we'll turn around and head back north.

Why the Yucatan and Belize? That's the question my daughter Alison keeps posing. She has campaigned long and hard for the Bahamas instead, where we know people and we know islands and beaches. I think the salt can be. She would love to head straight for George Town, in the Exumas, where lots of families with lots of children live on their sailboats all winter long. Every day after the cruising kids spend all morning on lessons, they meet on Volleyball Beach, free to romp and mingle, swim and dinghy around the harbor until dinner.

George Town would be a good destination if our intention were simply to live on a boat, but that's not all that David and I want to accomplish by sailing. This is a plan designed with education in mind: expanding vistas, enlarging worldviews, creating memories. Facing the unknown and navigating through. That's the challenge and the gift we are presenting to our children. It's a challenge that will force us adults to summon up courage, too.

There are the challenges of sailing, of moving a little boat through big waves. We all become more muscular while we live aboard. We sense the wind and currents, we watch the weather and respond. We work in synchrony; in rhythm with each other and with the boat we sail. Some time in the middle of December, you can think of us setting out early in the morning, leaving islands behind and heading out into that watery horizon, Mexico more than three hundred miles away. We'll sail through the night, through the next day and then some. It will be the longest open-water passage our family has ever made.

We'll also meet the challenges of other cultures—other habits, other values, other languages, other ways of doing business, other ways of making friends. Our sailboat will be the little world that travels with us; yet we will sail through that larger world as well, into places we have never been before. We'll polish up our Spanish. We'll visit the ruins of Tulum. We'll adjust our menu to the foods we find in village markets. We'll tie up the dinghy at docks where families come down and stare.

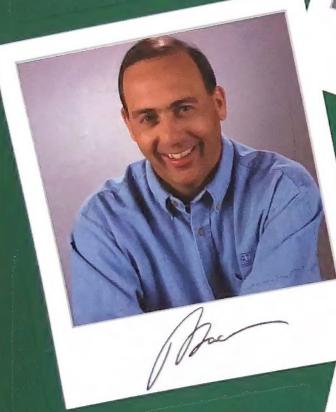
One thing is for certain, one thing is the same, between the journey now beginning and the journey five years ago. By taking these steps together, we grow closer as a family. When my children were young, family life seemed simple enough. Our family needed nurturing, but it would always be there. Now, as my children mature, I see that the time we get to live together grows shorter every day. There are ever fewer chances to strengthen that core of trust that is our family. This is our chance, and we grab it, and enjoy it, and always remember.

Of course my son John would give another answer to the questions: Why salt? and Why Belize? One hundred eighty-five miles of coastline. A blue hole in turquoise water, over 200 feet deep. We'll swim, dive, fish and boat. We'll walk unpeopled beaches. We'll grieve the triggerfish, the parrotfish, the sergeant majors, the lizards and the tropic birds, the porpoises and whales. For a few months, we will call the Caribbean home again. It's not a substitute but a counterpoint to our life in Albemarle County. It's not a vacation but a change in lifestyle for a little while. It's not an escape. It's an embrace—once more, before time escapes us. **A**

For the next few issues, Susan Tyler Hitchcock will write us from the Caribbean. Next summer Ballantine Books will publish *Coming Abou: One Family's Journey*, written about her family's earlier sail.

ALBEMARLE

My time.  
My friends.  
My morning.



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### MAKING A DIFFERENCE



## The Charlottesville Free Clinic

*A Health Care Safety Net*

by Guy H. Archer

*Quality health care is the right of every human being. The Charlottesville Free Clinic brings together community volunteers to provide compassionate care to those outside the system.*

*—original mission statement, adopted August 1992*

**T**hough the Charlottesville Free Clinic's original mission statement has been revised and developed since the clinic's beginning in 1992, these two sentiments are still a perfect window to understanding what the clinic is all about. Through a dedicated staff of community volunteers and local doctors, pharmacists and technicians, the clinic offers free primary health care to those who cannot afford it or who cannot seek it elsewhere. Those who are "outside of the system" are people in the Charlottesville and Albemarle community who do not have health insurance and do not qualify for free care in another venue.

#### *High Quality Care*

Three nights a week, the CFC opens the doors of its facility on Rose Hill Drive in Charlottesville (beside the Thomas Jefferson Health Direct offices) to individuals seeking primary care from a physician. Other free services, according to the revised mission statement, include "mental health evaluations and therapy, basic lab testing, individual and group health education programs, a fully licensed pharmacy, and dental care."

Referral sites provide donated comprehensive lab testing, x-rays and specialty office visits. The clinic's extensive followup program

assures that every patient receives the maximum benefit from their visit to the clinic.

Though the clinic was originally founded as a provisional measure in the hopes of more comprehensive reform on a national level, there has been nothing stagnate in the way volunteers have treated patients. "One of our goals has been to provide very high quality care similar to or at least as good as you can get in a private office," explains one of the Free Clinic's two founders, Dr. Mohan Nadkarni. He and the

other staff members have worked toward this objective by providing the most thorough and comprehensive primary care that they can, devoting countless hours to ensure that none of their patients falls through the cracks.

#### *"Falling Through the Cracks"*

At the Free Clinic, it is not uncommon to hear many references to people "falling through the cracks." What it means to do this—or to have this happen to you—is well



ALBEMARLE

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illustrated in the episode that spurred the clinic's creation.

In 1991 Dr. Nadkarni and the clinic's other cofounder, Dr. Paul DeMarco, were both residents at the University of Virginia Medical Center. DeMarco met a part-time graduate student who, after two months, had finally come to see a physician about persistent aches, pains and fever. The student's initial reluctance to see a doctor, predictably, was a result of having no health insurance and not enough money to cover the cost of an examination, a familiar enough scenario for many students.

Had this student sought medical care earlier, when the symptoms were just beginning, a simple regimen of antibiotics would have taken care of his condition. Instead, the diagnosis of endocarditis— inflammation of the heart's membrane— required a valve replacement and very serious heart surgery. What could have been an easily treatable problem, Dr. DeMarco later observed, developed into a surgical history that has resulted in this student being, to all intents and purposes, "practically uninsurable."

#### Making Health Care a Priority

Like their other colleagues, Nadkarni and DeMarco had witnessed similar situations many times. Often, uninsured patients wait far too long to visit a doctor; cancer, heart disease, hypertension and many other serious illnesses worsen while patients hesitate due to very real financial constraints. Because these individuals are generally employed, or do not qualify as indigent, they are not exempt from paying for visits to a doctor. Their dilemma is typically between their most basic financial obligations and a trip to the doctor. Physicians see these patients only after a condition has advanced to crisis state, and sometimes after it is too late.

"When you think about the silent diseases or somebody who is diabetic, or has hypertension or high blood pressure, they can ignore it because they've got kids, rent, food, whatever, to pay for," Free Clinic executive director Rebecca Weybright explains. "They put their health care on the back burner until it reaches a point where they may have to get help."

After nearly a year and a half of planning, DeMarco and Nadkarni opened the clinic's doors to patients in the autumn of 1992. They set up shop in a building on West Main Street, recruiting volunteers and hoping their job wouldn't last for long. "The clinic was set up at the time when there was a big discussion of Clinton's health care reform plan," Nadkarni remembers. "Our goal was, basically, to treat acute medical problems. One of our goals has always been to see ourselves get put out of business."

Nadkarni is quick to point out that patient care is always handled by trained physicians and not students.

#### Guidelines and Common Sense

To act effectively as a safety net for so many people on a limited budget, the clinic established certain guidelines defining the patient population it generally would treat, rules of thumb still followed today. The Free Clinic targets the non-indigent uninsured, and its policy states: "When patients call to be seen at the clinic, they are asked whether or not they have any health insurance. If they are uninsured, they are then asked their family size and their total family income. If they meet the indigent care guidelines at U.Va., they are referred to the proper outpatient clinic and told that they appear to qualify for free care under U.Va.'s indigent care program."

Despite such guidelines, the CFC makes many "blanket" exceptions—for migrant workers, the homeless, anyone who needs a physical examination to enter a drug or alcohol recovery program or for a job, for example. In other words, their guidelines are just that, guidelines, not firmly preclusive regulations, and policy statements freely admit that "common sense is always our common denominator."

"Time and time again, we have heard stories about people who come to us and wouldn't go anywhere else," Weybright says. "Some of the touching stories have been from folks who—for reasons in some way out of their control—have lost their health insurance. We have had women who had health insurance but then got divorced and lost that coverage. We have had men and women who have lost their jobs for whatever reason and—all of a sudden, in a sense—find themselves without health insurance and not knowing where to turn for help."

"The person who is a waiter or waitress at your local restaurant, who has a paying job but does not have health insurance with it, is not in a position to afford medical care. I think it's really important for people to keep in mind that these are our neighbors. People who don't have insurance need a place to go."

#### Serving Health Professionals Too

The clinic's service to the community extends beyond its patients. The revised mission statement affirms that another aim of the Charlottesville Free Clinic is: "To teach young health professionals to be sensitive to the needs of the underserved and provide them with early, positive experiences in primary care in order to encourage them to choose a career in a primary care field." Medical, pharmacy and nursing students train with professionals in their respective fields at the clinic, though Dr.

of patients who come to the clinic each year is now rising, not declining. And though more than 500 volunteers have donated their services, the clinic must continually recruit new ones.

For the clinic, the continued need for free primary care poses philosophical as well as practical and operational problems. The Charlottesville Free Clinic—and others like it throughout the country—was established as a temporary solution to a growing national problem (that is, to serve the increasing numbers of the medically uninsured); yet

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certain staff members worry that the presence of such clinics gives public policy makers an unwarranted reprieve in terms of pushing serious health care reform.

#### A Temporary Solution

The staff and doctors at the Free Clinic can provide some of the very best primary care in the region. But because more than 150 physicians make up the clinic's team of doctors—individuals whose time is severely constrained by medical practices outside of the clinic—it is rare that a patient sees the same doctor twice. A lack of continuity of care is recognized as a dilemma of all the nation's free clinics, and physicians like Nadkarni take this as a principal justification of why such clinics must be seen only as temporary solutions to a much more fundamental national problem.

Nevertheless, volunteers and staff will continue to offer their time and expertise at the Charlottesville Free Clinic, though time alone cannot maintain the facility. "I think there's an ever-growing need to provide high quality health care to these patients, working-poor patients who fell through the cracks," Nadkarni says. "Although it's a free clinic, it doesn't run for free. It requires the ongoing support of the community. We're trying to provide excellent services and that takes operational funds. If that is something the community values, then the community needs to support it."

Weybright agrees: "There's the feeling that there are a lot of volunteers including doctors who come and work here, but we need staff to coordinate the volunteers. Another big piece of our budget is our pharmacy. We can only see people and give them medical care and fill their prescription needs too. A lot of folks, if they had a \$100 prescription that needed to be filled, they just wouldn't fill it."

#### Serving Great Need on a Small Budget

The clinic spends an estimated \$180,000 of its annual \$240,000 operating budget on prescriptions alone. Because the CFC receives so little financial support from the local governments, it runs almost completely on private contributions which, Nadkarni and Weybright admit, the clinic always greatly needs.

"We get a little funding from the city and a small amount from the county," she says. "We're very dependent on community support to keep us open." She praises the hundreds of volunteers who have helped the Free Clinic to set standards for other clinics across the country, and is grateful for the community support the clinic has received: "For the support, we're very blessed."

And so, too, are the thousands of patients who have been served by the Charlottesville Free Clinic. *a*

ALBEMARLE

## Zephyrus in Concert

### Music of Another Age

by Shari L. Fern

Light softly filters through the stained glass windows into air resonant with melodic strains. The year is 1685; the place, not Westminster Abbey, but Charlottesville. The ethereal note of Zephyrus, an early music ensemble, once again transports its audience back to the days of medieval knights, kings and coronations, and remote cathedrals filled with worshippers kneeling at mass.

The non-profit choral group, dedicated to singing medieval, Renaissance and Baroque music, was formed in 1990 by Paul Walker. Since then, Zephyrus has performed pieces spanning six centuries (roughly 1200-1700, with an emphasis on the 16th and 17th centuries), for central Virginia audiences. Their broad repertoire extends from the polyphonic chants of Notre Dame Cathedral, to the madrigals of Tudor England, to the madrigals of Renaissance Italy.

#### A Passion for the Music

With a Ph.D. in historical musicology and a master's degree in organ performance, Paul Walker holds the ideal background to addition to his project, but more important, he possesses a passion for the music itself. In fact, he admits, "I *am* early music in Charlottesville. Thirteen years ago, there wasn't much activity in early music in [the area], nothing like Zephyrus at all." The eighteen-member group now sings regularly throughout the year at various churches, at UVA, and at First Night Virginia.

Zephyrus strikes a unique note among the symphony of musical concerts in Charlottesville. Amy Garrou, member and pub-

licity director for the group, says, "We bring to the public music they wouldn't hear live otherwise." The music of the music we do is said to be. I think one of the reasons early music is becoming so popular is that people are seeking spiritual guidance, and it speaks to the need for praise and worship."

Garrou recalls one concert in June 1996 at the Cathedral of St. Matthew the Apostle in Washington D.C., where the ensemble recreated a mass in its entirety. "It was all

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for its acoustics. Due to members' work schedules and the financial limitations of a group supported strictly by ticket sales and donations, Zephyrus typically travels for only one or two concerts per year.

For group members, the real opportunity is not travel but the music. Ben Sturgill, professor of pathology and associate dean for medical school admissions at the University, has been a member of the group since its inception. "I like making music with like-minded colleagues," he says. "The music we perform invites a small enough group that you can really hear each other."

Jane Foster, a devoted fan, agrees. "The voices twist around each other so nicely. They do early music beautifully; you can tell which voice is coming out of which face, which makes it so much more personal."

The group enjoys intimacy and variety, not only in the harmonization and the selections they perform, but in the composition of the group itself. Zephyrus is a lively mixture of professions from music librarian and freelance writer to anesthesiologist and historian. Diane Nelson, a graphic designer who creates the group's artistic posters, sums up the singers' dedication: "Sacred Renaissance music is the love of my life," she says. "And when the whole group is really there, really on, the sound is just stunning—big and rich and full."

#### *The Character of Early Music*

Much early music is sacred, written to be sung in churches as worship, but there are lighter pieces as well, like the "Lai du Kievetheul" (The Lay of the Honeysuckle), "Sumér Is Ícumén In," or "Il Est Bel Et Bon," in which a woman depicts her husband as "a good chap."

Walker's face lights up with animation as, forgetting the presence of a novice, he tosses out names such as Josquin des Prez, Guillaume Dufay and Claudio Monteverdi. Whether in selecting the composers, the type of pieces, or the period, Walker strives to create diversity for each concert.

"Paul's taste in music is incredible," Nelson says. "He has such high standards. Every concert is varied, and he is constantly bringing up new things for us to try." The group has performed numbers in all the major European languages as well as Latin. Hebreo and even one Russian piece by Rachmaninoff as a special request for a singer's sister, who was marrying into a Russian Orthodox family. Whether selecting pieces rarely recognized or offering more familiar songs, Walker maintains excellence as his standard. "I don't do the program if I don't think the music is very good."

Careful to retain historical accuracy as much as possible, Walker admits some aspects of the music are changed; for instance,

in the 17th century, women were not allowed to sing in public, thus placing flexibility. "If I were to be absolute and authentic," Walker explains, referring to a 16th-century piece by Josquin, "I'd have to throw all my women out and just beested in doing that, nor am I about insisting that my sopranos all sound like boys. But we are very keen on aspects of early vocal style and the way we perceive this music to be expressive and how we want to bring it across."

Garrou also emphasizes that the group tries to convey the meaning behind the text. "We try to perform with more expression and feeling than there has been in early music before," she says. "The composers didn't write in directions, such as soft or loud, so everyone always assumed they were supposed to sing it straight, but it's silly to think they didn't have feelings or expression. We try to be a little more daring, to give the words and text more expression."

Undoubtedly, in addition to the beautiful harmony and cadences, another appeal is the sheer complexity of the music itself. The group primarily focuses on works with six to eight parts, but occasionally, Nelson says, the group has sung pieces with up to twelve parts. In contrast to more classical

and modern pieces, where one part, such as the soprano, provides the melody while the other parts harmonize, all parts of an early music piece are equally dominant.

Walker, who directs the group, singing only occasionally, characterizes the music in terms of counterpoint. "There are two, three or four performers doing different things, each of which is interesting in its own way, and they go together well," he says. "In early music, nobody is subordinate to anyone else, and I think that's one of the reasons people like to do this music. What it means for the listener is another story."

Indeed, this interplay of musical melodies can be a somewhat new and daunting experience for the uninitiated; however, Walker writes programs for each concert with the goal of helping the audience get the most from each performance. A typical program lists the songs performed, always with the lyrics included, and usually some historical background on the music itself, the composer and the time period or theme chosen for the performance.

Walker recommends his listeners read the words for each piece. "What you need to know to appreciate Beethoven is more than you need to know to appreciate music of the Renaissance, because Beethoven doesn't have words, and he is working at a pretty complex, sophisticated level...but these [early music] composers are trying to communicate to you. They are presuming you understand the words, and they are trying to get those words across to you in a very meaningful way."

Walker worries some listeners may be intimidated by the complexity of early music, comically illustrating his point by referring to rock. "Melody and accompaniment music is easy to listen to because you know right where to focus. You can take an Elvis Presley song there is and you're going to focus right on Elvis...The bass player is just there for support. Some people get overwhelmed by all the things going on at one time [in early music] and they can't take it all in. They're much happier if it's Madonna and a backup band," he jokes.

For those listeners who find themselves in this category, he offers advice: pick one part and follow it throughout the entire number. Since most of the group's repertory is sung a cappella, audience members effortlessly ascertain individual parts, and may even listen carefully to one singer's role within the group. For the next song, attention can easily be shifted to another part.

Of course, Walker asserts, it's fine attemp to absorb it all at once. While the rich tones soar over the audience, it is easy to envision oneself, not in a local church in the 20th century, but in a jewel-encrusted robe attending some royal coronation or

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tellers of the tale of winemaking itself. And yet more: stories of the people and the land which produce the world's great wines — for one is inseparable from the other.

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kneeling before the altar among other grims in the vast halls of a cathedral.

Zephyrus does not seek to replicate medieval music in its entirety; rather the group wishes to present audience members with a taste of the divine sound and rhythms of an earlier age.

"We try to give people a little bit of experience of what it would have been like to be in Westminster Abbey in 1688 for the coronation of the king," Walker says. "You can't really experience St. Peter's and the Vatican without going to Rome, and you can't experience St. Mark's without going to Venice, but you can experience the sound of the 16th century without going anywhere, and that's a goal of mine."

"We can't do it completely, but there's a certain way in which we can put an audience member back in time, and I think at Christmas especially, more than any other time of the year, people want to be put back in a quieter time, a slower time — there's a certain element of nostalgia, we always draw big at Christmas."

It is for this reason that the group has produced their first CD, "Nativity," a selection of Christmas music. Cassette tapes of the group's concerts have always been available to the public, but this is their first recording experience. "It was kind of exciting," Sturgill says. "But also, I think, we had to do the same thing over and over just to get it right. A recording is different from a performance. A performance is over in a couple of hours, and people are left with an impression — it may be good or it may be bad. In a recording, meant to be listened to over and over, there is less tolerance for anything wrong." Yet all the hard work is well worth it. "We're very excited," Garrou says. "It makes us feel a little more professional and part of the [early music] dialogue that's out there."

Most audience members would readily admit Zephyrus does not meet a CD to sound professional. First Night Virginia performances are always standing room only, and a Christmas concert in 1993 packed an audience of over 300.

Foster declares the ensemble is as good as anything she ever heard in Boston, one of the big centers for early music. "We're so lucky to have Zephyrus. They're good enough to be in a big city, but they all live here," she says, "so we've got them. They just don't perform as often as you'd like!"

Walker, though pleased with the enthusiastic endorsement of fans, contends his highest priority is producing a good program and satisfying the members of the group. "Part of doing Zephyrus is for the people who are in it; the people are there because they want to be, for personal satisfaction and enjoyment. That is what really makes it all worthwhile." *a*

ALBEMARLE



## Port, Sherry and Madeira

### Raise a Glass to Winter

by Rachael Kelly

From the comfort of your own easy chair, a glass of port will warm you through, as it gives off the intensity of the Mediterranean sun.

We have the English to thank as well as the Portuguese and Spaniards for port, sherry and Madeira. Gerald Asher said it nicely in his book of essays *On Wine*, to "those who lived in the shires of the south and west of England and on the wide, flat farms of East Anglia, a region where I spent my entire childhood without ever once feeling warm. An invitation to 'come over for a glass of sherry' promises a relaxed com-

panion of friends, comfortable shoes, an old sweater . . .

The fog-lined streets of the English landscape have seen many a man and woman seeking spirituous shelter from the cold since as far back as the 16th century. Fortified wines from Portugal and Spain filled the bill nicely, creating a thriving market trade that has survived numerous wars, disease and political mayhem all around.

#### A Glass of Port

There are a few vintners producing port in the United States, using both traditional and



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rebellious in this part of the world. But the soil is particularly well suited to support the Palomino Fino and Pedro Ximénez grapes from which sherry is made. The home soil is soil known as albariza, is primarily composed of chalk, which absorbs and binds rainwater until the vines need a drink in midsummer.

#### Styles of Sherry

In the United States the sherries we know are almost inevitably cream sherries. In Spain that is only part of the equation. There are two main types of sherry: Fino and Oloroso, with many variations on the themes.

Fino is a style we seldom see in the United States. It is a delicate character it can be downright flinty and smoky. Served chilled, it is remarkable with seafood and oysters, with many variations on the mutter flavor.

Mannarilla is an even lighter and drier style and is made only in Sanlúcar de Barrameda. The sea breezes add a hint of tang and salt. Amontillado starts out as a Fino, then if allowed to sit in the cask it begins to deepen in color and develop a mutter flavor.

At the other extreme, the Olorosos take on a baked or burnt flavor in the casks and concentrate by evaporation to achieve up to 24 percent alcohol. This style of sherry is typically rich, smooth and almost raisiny—but still dry. Other rich styles include Amoroso, Cream, Pale Cream, Brown Sherry, East India and Bristol Milk (a trademark is Harvey's Bristol Cream).

With all the gradations and variations, in some ways choosing a sherry by the label can be even trickier with sherry than with port. But there are no vintages to worry about. One company, Lustau, has made a strong effort to take out some of the guesswork. They clearly explain their labels the style of sherry as well as some of its characteristics; they also make very nice sherries. Lustau sherries run from \$10 to \$20 depending on the style. Another “always reliable” company is Gonzalez Byass, which makes a very dry (Fino) Muy Seco sherry under the name of Tio Pepe; a bottle runs about \$15.

#### Mysterious Madeira

As Roger Vass says in his book *Fortified and Dessert Wines*, “Madeira is by far the most mysterious and least known of the major fortified wines. These characteristics come from its source—the isolated island of Madeira, the fact that it is made from grapes that have mutated into unique sub-varieties, and the strange and remarkable way in which it is made.”

Madeira, located about 500 miles off the southern tip of Portugal, is a very small and very rugged island. Vineyards are precariously

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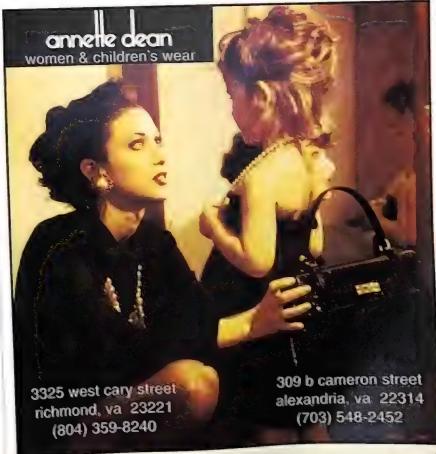


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Most Madeiras made with the noble cuties are available to drink at about five years, and the label will often give the age. Madeira is also the longest lived wine and can be fresh and delightful 200 years after it was produced, according to Vass.

ously located atop sheer slopes that hang over the sea. The island was colonized by convicts from Portugal who brought all manner of plants with them, including some of the noble varieties of grapes still used to make Madeira.

In the mid-17th century the English merchants established an outpost there as the island was located on a major trading route. Anecdotally, a decree in 1660 by King Charles II announced that items to be exported from Europe to the English colonies in the Americas had to be carried by English ships—the only exception was the island of Madeira. Thus, Madeira became the most popular drink in the southern colonies.

The island location had another critical impact on the evolution of the wine. The sea voyage seemed to improve its flavor. The heat of the sun on the casks and the rocking of the ship baked the wine and gave it an oxidized quality not favored with most wines but a positive attribute with Madeira. Vintners have long since developed ways to mimic the heat and rocking motion of the ship. It is this "cooked" flavor that sets Madeira apart from the class of fortified wines.

### Undiscovered Treasure

While port has been making a comeback in recent years, Madeira is still relatively unknown, according to Market Street Wineshop proprietor Robert Hardee. For those eager to venture into new territory, this is a rewarding voyage.

There are four basic styles of Madeira, which reflect closely the grapes they are made with and range from light and dry to rich and dense. Sercial is the lightest. R.A. is next and slightly sweet. Bual is a medium Madeira, and Malmsey is the richest. Sercial in much the same style as would a fino sherry, as an aperitif or with very light food. Verdelho and Bual can be drunk either as aperitifs or with the first course of a meal. Bual and Malmsey, like Oloroso sherry, are suitable for after a meal or to go with dessert.

I highly recommend a fresh-as-old Bual produced by Bland Brothers (about \$18). The color is a delightful shade of dark gold with a flavor comparable to a butterscotch custard.

Most Madeiras made with the noble cuties are available to drink at about five years, and the label will often give the age. Madeira is also the longest lived wine and can be fresh and delightful 200 years after it was produced, according to Vass.

Enjoy the inclement time of year more as you savor a glass of port, sherry or Madeira. With so many choices of potables you will appreciate the winter, even if the groundhog foretells an extended season. □



## The First Detective Story

Wilkie Collins and *The Moonstone*

by Bernice Grosskopf

**W**hen I first read *The Moonstone* long ago, I was intrigued by the suspenseful, intricate plot, but I did not know that T.S. Eliot considered it "the first, and the best of modern English detective novels"; that Dorothy Sayers thought it "the very finest detective story ever written." Without Collins's contributions, Sayers claimed, "the modern English detective story could never have risen to its present position of international supremacy."

Wilkie Collins was a contemporary of Charles Dickens, his friend and collaborator. Born in 1824, the son of William Collins, R.A., a successful landscape painter, he worked briefly as a tea importer after his education, dismissed business, studied law, and, having published a story in 1843, decided he wanted to be a writer. His first book was a biography of his father, published in 1848.

### A Literary Friendship

Collins and Dickens met in 1851 through their shared interest in amateur theatricals. Collins, age twenty-seven, played a stage valet to Dickens, who was older, in a comedy by Bulwer-Lytton. Soon the two writers were co-starring in a play by Collins. Dickens's confidence in the young writer's future resulted in a rare personal and professional relationship. By 1853, Collins became a paid contributor to Dickens's periodical, *Household Words*; by 1856 he was an editor. Together they often traveled to Paris where the more reserved Dickens took pleasure in Collins's companionship, sharing Wilkie's enjoyment of good food, flashy neckties and music halls.

Collins's first major success was *The Woman in White*, the first episode of which was published in November 1859 in *All the Year* Round.

*Round*, successor to *Household Words*. Crowds waited outside the periodical office on publication day, eager for each installment. By 1862 his yearly earnings were over £10,000, the highest of any nineteenth-century writer.

*The Moonstone* first appeared in serial form in January 1868. It is the story of a priceless Hindu diamond willed to Colonel Herncastle to his niece, Rachel Verinder. Herncastle, fearing a robbery that disaster would befall anyone who had hands on the diamond, originally buried the forehead of the statue of the Moon God in India, side it during the battle of Serengapatam. According to Herncastle's will, it was to be a gift to Rachel on her eighteenth birthday. Her cousin, Franklin Blake, undertook to bring the precious stone to the estate in Yorkshire where Rachel and her mother lived, in time for her birthday party. Days before the party three mysterious Indians were observed in the area; their interest in the stone was evident, but they were swiftly dealt with by the local police. The morning after the party the diamond was gone.

### Points of View and Plot Twists

The plot of *The Moonstone* revolves around recovery of the diamond and the search for the thief. Everyone is suspected, including Rachel herself. The story is told through the points of view of several characters. The first account is by Captain Betteredge, house steward in the service of Rachel's mother, Lady Verinder. Betteredge, a man of absolute integrity, nearing seventy, prides himself on his many years of local service. His rambling, chatty account, addressing the reader directly, gives periodic assurances that "you shall presently see," while keeping us wondering

and impatient. He pauses for philosophical asides, comments on the domestic discipline and protocol of servants in a Victorian household, offers a few jaundiced remarks on women and marriage, and makes repeated references to his favorite relaxation: his pipe and his beloved book, *Robinson Crusoe*.

The next account is by Drusilla Clack, niece of the late Sir John Verinder, an "evangelical bantibody," convinced that even the best of men "inherit a fallen nature from Adam." So eager to save all from "the Evil One who lies in wait for us in the most innocent actions of our daily lives," she fears one may even find "Satan among the Sofa Cushions." This comic, satirical portrait resulted from Collins's encounters with women of the "Miss Clack" type.

The observations of Mr. Bruff, the solicitor, are written in more pompous, lawer-like prose, but we're taken by surprise when, in Franklin Blake's subsequent account, solicitor Bruff finally agrees to one of Blake's suggestions by replying, "Cool!"—an impression I thought had been invented by 20th-century teenagers.

Rachel, the typical submissive Victorian heroine, is a passionate, strong-willed, independent young woman, who maintains an unexplained silence about what she may know of the diamond's disappearance, thus throwing suspicion on herself. The other important female character is Rosanna Spearman, a servant girl with a prison record. Guilty about her past, ashamed of her appearance, Rosanna fears the other servants suspect her. Her meeting with the sympathetic Betteredge at The Shivering Sand, a dangerous spit of land on the Yorkshire coast and Rosanna's favorite spot,



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is one of the finest passages in the book. The concerned Betteredge observes: "There is an empty stomach feeding the quiet mind." Rosanna's obsession with Franklin Blake, Rachel's attractive young cousin, fills her troubled mind with fantasies, causing her to behave in incomprehensible ways that throw suspicion on her self. This sympathetic portrait illustrates Collins's attempt to incorporate social comment with suspense.

The detective brought in to solve the mystery is Sergeant Cuff, who enters the scene after the local Superintendent of Police, a self-impressed, officious bumbler, "a mass of human infirmity," has already made serious errors in his effort to take charge of the case. His incompetence is quickly revealed by Sergeant Cuff's skilled assessment of the situation, which he handles in a self-assured, unassuming manner. It is a familiar formula. T.S. Eliot considered Cuff to be "the ancestor of the healthy generation of amiable, efficient, professional but fallible inspectors of fiction among whom we live today."

Each character's account is written in a style appropriate to the individual, and by frequently shifting the point of view, Collins compounds our sense of both suspense and confusion. Several times, just as we think we're about to discover "whodunit," the revelation is delayed. Collins further extends the delays by using letters and journals. He realized the value of multiple narrators when he attended a criminal trial in 1856 and witnessed the "succession of testimonies so varied in form and nevertheless so strictly unified by their march toward the same goal." Such means of exposition, he thought, would succeed in a novel. But this style of exposition is slow-paced; there are no jump-cuts, and a contemporary editor would probably have cut the manuscript, thereby losing the power of the intricately woven plot and the Dickensian prose.

*Drama in Life and Art*  
Wilkie Collins's previous novel, *The Woman in White*, was drawn from an episode in Collins's life, reported by John G. Millais in a biography of his father, the painter John Everett Millais, a friend of Collins's. On their way to Millais's studio one night, they heard a woman's scream from a nearby house, and as they wondered what to do, a beautiful young woman dressed in flowing white came dashing out of the iron gate, paused before them momentarily, her face filled with terror, then ran on, vanishing into the night. Collins pursued her, and the following day told his friends only that she had been kept prisoner by a cruel man.

This dramatic meeting took place in 1855. The woman, Caroline Graves, was a twenty-one-year-old widow with a child. Be-

1859, Caroline, her daughter and Collins were living together. Collins's impatience with middle-class Victorian morality and its confusion with mere respectability is evident in his fiction. To what extent his unconventional living arrangement fell apart in 1867 when Caroline suddenly married a man eleven years younger; Collins attended the ceremony. Was she angry because Collins refused to marry her? Or was it because she had found another man? Martha Rundell, twenty-one years his junior? Nine months after Caroline's wedding, Martha Rundell bore Wilkie Collins's first child. For "respectability," Collins invented the pseudonyms "Mr. and Mrs. Dawson," and Martha bore his three illegitimate children. Then when Caroline's marriage failed in the early 1870s, Collins welcomed her back. He generously arranged separate holidays for both women at separate, adjacent resorts.

By this time, Collins, who suffered from rheumatic gout, was dependent on doses of opium. He had begun to take laudanum in the 1850s to relieve his pain, and as the addiction increased it affected his writing. His knowledge of the effects of heavy doses of the drug, however, was important to the solution of the mystery in *The Moonstone*, which depends on a daring experiment involving the use of opium.

By 1870, the year of Dickens's death, Collins's reputation was in decline. A somnambulist in America in 1873, however, provided an exhilarating round of readings and dinner parties. In his later novels he tried to weave social criticism into his plots, treating such subjects as divorce, antisettlement, fallen women, etc. In January 1889 Collins was injured when two London cabs collided, and there followed months of failing health. Before his death in September 1889 Collins provided for his estate to be equally divided among Martha, Caroline and his children. He tried to keep his private life shrouded in mystery, thoroughly frustrating Dorothy Sayers, who spent years trying to write his biography but was unable to unravel the mysteries or trace his descendants. However, William Clark, with the help of his wife Faith Dawson, Wilkie Collins's great-granddaughter, and her parents, has succeeded in uncovering the details that are detailed in his book, *The Secret Life of Wilkie Collins*, published in 1988.

Despite Collins's literary contributions, it was judged inappropriate to grant him a memorial in Westminster Abbey, an example of middle-class morality that might have amused the author. ■

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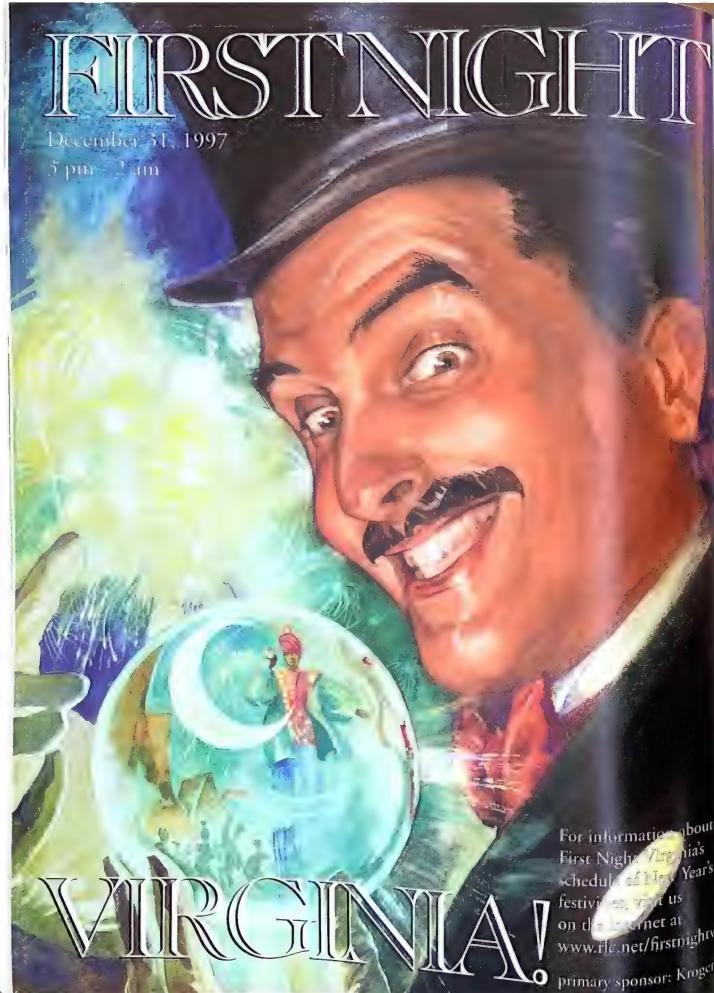
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## Christmas Angel

*Falalalalalalala...*

by Mary Maruca

**T**is the season to be jolly. Falalalala, falalala.

Only I'm not. Generally, I do love Christmas—love the decoration, the music, the smiles. During Christmas, everyone smiles more freely than at any other time. However, this Christmas nothing makes me smile.

Picture this: I am a single parent (as good an excuse as any to feel sorry for myself) facing the holidays alone. Actually, I am usually alone, that is, without adult company, but this year I feel my isolation more acutely. In juxtaposition to my moodiness, I am accompanied by an eleven-year-old boy for whom Christmas is the holiday of the year. This means I have to put up a tree, bake cookies, participate in school activities and decorate the mantle with a Christmas stocking huge enough to house a giant's foot—bah, humbug!

Add to this discomfort an array of other choice ingredients: 1) the first man I've dated since my husband departed has also cut me loose—just in time for the holidays; 2) I'm locked in mortal combat with a mid-life crisis that, at the very least, has goaded me with the knowledge that I am no longer young; and 3) I dwell on missed opportunities as if they were winning tickets I dropped carelessly and someone else picked up. Mix these together with the aforementioned moodiness. Drink deeply. And voila...I'm not very jolly at all.

In this frame of mind, I have set about

tackling Christmas. I say tackling because I am approaching it as one might a mugger, with hard, well-directed punches to all the vital areas. If I can't be jolly at Christmas, I can pretend, can't I, and do as good a job as all the other obsessive-compulsive Christmas fanatics in America?

First, the decorations: my living room is "festive" in the good Southern tradition of

my ancestors. A fresh Christmas fir dominates the room, while armloads of greenery encircle candles or sprout from tabletops and window ledges.

Look to the fireplace—red felt hearers and foil stars dangle from the mantle, handmade with my son during earlier, happier Christmases. Frothing up above them parade the Christmas cards, these from the



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can almost make it go out. See?

I speak sharply. "Quit messing. You were the one who wanted to light them."

" Didn't you?" he asks, minutely hurt, looking at me through the flickering light that keeps time with his breath.

"Oh, I guess so," I reply ungraciously. "But let's do this, O.K...since we both have to be up early tomorrow and it's getting late."

His face collapses a little, and for a moment the candle glow wavers as if stucked up with his breath. I take his hands and speak words into the fragrant yellow darkness. When his mouth comes to voice his advent prayer, he asks only to know where the flame goes when he blows it out.

"See Mom." He places his hand behind the flame and blows out the candle, then instructs me to wait where the flame had been. "It's like it's still there, isn't it? Where the smoke is now, you can still see the outline of the flame."

"I suppose," I answer halfheartedly, then look again. Somehow, the darkness seems brighter where the light had been.

Advent candles in the living room, a wreath on the door, cookies in the oven, and a child's clear voice in the house—this is the apparel of Christmas. The holiday lacks nothing now except snow...and joy.

And parties. I had forgotten parties. There are always the school parties with their inevitable requirements. My son volunteers me proudly for the food he thinks will impress his friends. One year it was pizza. I cut pepperonis in the shape of Christmas trees. This year is more challenging: I have been assigned salsa and chips.

There is also my own office party, with its dreaded "gift-grab" that reinforces my own sourness in response to human greed this or any other time of year. One of the four people volunteered for the holiday committee. I agree to bring in branches of pine and fir, something alive that is other than human in the no-nonsense federal building I occupy. Having stocked up on these when my son and I picked out our tree, I know I have only to lug them to work.

This isn't as easy as it sounds. Generally I leave my car some distance from the office—to save the cost of parking and to get some exercise. I drag out the white plastic trash bag that contains the green Ami-Clas encircled by a halo of fir. So I trudge along the bike path on one of those pre-Christmas days of blue and wind-chilled sky that ordinarily would offer me occasion for great joy.

The bag shifts from shoulder to shoulder as I try to locate the easiest way to balance my ungainly burden. Descended into self-analyzing the way the season might have gone if I notice a thin, angular man in a

fur-trimmed hat. He bends into the wind. He has his burdens too—a seriousness that humps him forward as if he were an accountant carrying an invisible load of ledgers. At last he glances over his shoulder. This is a man I might imagine on some whooshed corner of a distant land. There is something exotic about his eyes, which are recessed and shadowed by the sharp outline of his nose. Briefly, he smiles, nodding toward the bag of greens. I wonder if it makes him feel festive.

"Christmas party," I explain, continuing my brisk pace, gesturing toward my burdens.

At a busy intersection, the light changes, imprisoning me on the sidewalk, unable to cross. My companion of the bike path catches up.

"Ready for Christmas?" I ask. I force myself to make cheerful small talk, becoming for this stranger what I would be in my own house.

"I made this," he says. His voice is quiet but shyly proud. He reaches into his briefcase and pulls forth a white paper plate of the common picnic variety, cut in four places.

"It's an angel." He bends the plate at two incision points and the angel's wings take shape. "I didn't know what to do with it but, seeing you now, I think I'll put it over my computer."

I stop. I look into his face, really look for the first time, and suddenly, surprisingly, Christmas arrives. It arrives as it does every year, even during a year when I have no hope. It flies in on an angel's wings, crashing into my heart with the stirring raucous shouting of life.

I am here. I am here. I can almost distinguish its voice. You just forgot to look. In the bypassed places, in the most minute of ways, I am always here.

You are here, my heart responds. Yes, you are...arrived on time, in the half-mind smile of a stranger who has extended his offering across the vast chasm of human separation.

The light changes. My bike path companion and I cross the street, talking differently now, as if we always have been known to each other, as if we were friends, talking as strangers talk at Christmas because there is no good reason anymore to be separate and alone.

"Don't forget to put up your angel," I exclaim in parting.

He nods and walks on, slipping away among the crowd of pedestrians on the street, a vanishing angel. I walk up the steps toward my building, the bag of greens still draped over my shoulder, though not so heavy.

Thank you, I whisper to the chilly Christmas sky, jolly at last. **A**

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# Ken Elzinga

*and the Mystery of the Popular Economist*

by Guy H. Archer

## K

eneth G. Elzinga, a professor of economics at the University of Virginia, was not at Cambridge University when the murder took place in the mid-1960s, though he's something of an authority on it now.

Guests of the Jeremy Bentham Society's annual dinner had all gathered when a large covered box was ceremoniously brought out. When the tap was at last lifted, the body of the host, Nigel Hart, the Master of Bishop's College, was revealed, slumped in a chair and wearing a big straw hat. Both eyes were still open and blood trickled from the corner of his mouth.

Perhaps what stirs Elzinga's interest in this grotesque event is the fact that the murder was eventually solved by a colleague, Henry Spearman, a Harvard economist, utilized of Elzinga's and his

shared trade to identify the murderer. This certainly is a plausible explanation of why someone renowned for his gentle demeanor is drawn to such a macabre event.

But Elzinga's relationship with the murder is really much more complex. You see, there was no murder at Cambridge University that evening. And a phone call to Cambridge, Massachusetts, moreover, will only uncover that Harvard University has never had a professor named Henry Spearman in its economics department.

A more fruitful endeavor would be picking up *A Deadly Indifference*, the third and most recent murder mystery written by Elzinga and William Brait under the pseudonym Marshall Jevons. Aside from being one of the University's most distinguished and beloved professors, Kenneth G. Elzinga is also continu-

ing Virginia's tradition in regard to the detective story: arguably the first one was written by University of Virginia student Edgar Allan Poe and published in 1841. Yet however much national and international accolades he may receive as part of the Marshall Jevons writing team—and it's plenty—it is through his role as a teacher that Ken Elzinga must principally come to be understood and appreciated. To the tens of thousands who have passed through his legendary Principles of Economics class as undergraduates, certainly Elzinga is remembered for his extraordinary skill in making very difficult and complex theories clear and even compelling. For many of his past and present students, he is known for the great lengths he will travel to make his students feel valuable, and to make their education mean something to them.

*continued on page 57*

*Ken Elzinga in back of the Pavilion IV home he shares with his wife Terry. Photograph by Doug Miller*

ALBEMARLE

# Home Fires Burning: The Fireplace

"You are king by your own fireside, as much as any monarch in his throne." —Miguel de Cervantes

Prehistoric man used fire for its most practical purposes: cooking and warmth. We no longer rely on a fireplace to provide our sole source of heat and cooking fuel. We associate the glowing fire with visions of family and friends gathered to shelter from the vagaries of the weather, to relax in warmth and comfort.



Text by Hilary Swinson  
Photography by Philip Beaurline



Barry Kiracofe of Jericho Rock Works designed and built this magnificent fireplace in the Friend home in western Albemarle. The 17 tons of stone is local, some of it still sporting the lichens and mosses it bore in the fields. This fireplace suits both the scale of the room and the Southwest-influenced style of its owners. Mantel decoration by University Florists.



*A traditional English fireplace at Keswick Hall.*

**F**ireplaces, in various forms, remained a very practical part of everyday living for centuries, only becoming old-fashioned and out of style in the late 19th century. At that time many fireplaces were bricked over or simply torn out. But as Vest Orton says in his book, *Observations on the Long-lost Art of Building a Good Fireplace*:

*Measured in cold science, there was no question about the efficiency of stoves and furnaces to produce many more BTU's of warmth. But these modern contraptions could never give forth the warmth-bringing qualities of high-sparking flames, keeping up in a well-built fireplace nor could they ever bring the atmosphere which draws the family together in a warm and intimate atmosphere... No central heating plant could create and instill calmness and inter-faction or create a stimulus for the building of drama as did the delightful open fire...*



*A mantel of carved and ornate wood and a marble surround create a classically elegant touch.*

**T**oday, the National Chimney Sweep Guild says fireplaces are "entertainment-oriented appliances." We delight in a cozy fire for the radiance that its glow brings to a room, for the atmosphere it seems to create just by touching a match to some scraps of kindling. There is no companion between a cold, dark fireplace, even one artificially accessorized with a basket of flowers or a decorative paper fan, and the warming blaze we enjoy in the colder months of the year.

In the most practical terms, no fireplace is a good fireplace unless it burns well and efficiently. Sir Benjamin Thompson, Count Rumford, is credited with being the first to design and build a really efficient fireplace. His principles for good fireplace design still hold today. Count Rumford dictated that the fireplace opening should be as high as it is wide; the depth should be one-third of the width of the opening; the fireback should be as wide as the fireplace is deep. Fireplaces designed in this manner are still known as Rumford fireplaces.



4 symmetrical statement is made in this traditional living room with fireplace and mantel the focal point.

Styles of fireplace range from the truly rustic to the elegant. There are English, Italian, French, Spanish, Dutch, Swedish and Colonial; open hearth and glass-enclosed; raised hearth and sunken; single face, L-shaped and corner—the mind boggles at the possibilities. In this part of the world, the majority of fireplaces in our older homes are designed in back or stone fireplace like the Bury Kiraofe design shown on the previous pages.

If you're building a home, where will you put the fireplace? The traditional spot is the longest wall of the living room, but the options are many. Consider how the fireplace will be used. The family room, especially if it is open to the kitchen, may be the logical site. If the sky's the limit, don't forget a fireplace in the master bath, more robust set of tools in wrought iron with andirons and screen to conform.

Fireplace accessories must suit the fireplace style. Slim brass tools and screen match the setting on a traditional English hearth. A rustic stone surround needs a course, the necessity for an efficient "entertainment-oriented appliance." *a*

## A Cord of Wood

Just what exactly is a cord of wood, and how do you know you're getting one? The term "cord" refers to a stack of firewood with an overall volume of 128 cubic feet. The stack is generally thought of as being 8 feet long by 4 feet wide by 4 feet high.

Depending on how the cord is stacked, it could contain a lot of air space. If the logs are already split, the cord will contain more logs than a cord of unsplit wood because split logs can be stacked tighter.

Most wood is sold by the cord, half cord or truck-load. Before you buy, check logs in the center and back of the pile to see if they are seasoned as thoroughly as the more obvious specimens.

When winter winds howl around the chimneys and the damp threatens to chill your very bones, build a fire. But there's more to making a great fire than just setting a match to a pile of logs and some old newspapers.

Start with wood that is well-seasoned. A fast-cut tree holds half to two-thirds of its weight as water. If you burn "green" wood, you'll achieve a smoldering, smoky mess with few flames. To see whether wood is properly seasoned, look at the ends of the log. They should have small cracks (called "checking") radiating from the center of each log. And if you peel off some of the bark, the wood should be dry to the touch.

The best woods for fire-building are the hardwoods: oak, hickory and ash. Softer woods such as pine and fir work best for kindling your fire, as they burn quickly and radiate a lot of heat. (Avocado, cedar and spruce are very good, if you can't find any else.) Hard woods burn slowly, put off heat steadily, and leave a base of hot coals on which to gently place your next load of logs.

For an aromatic blaze, try the hard woods of fruit trees. Apple wood burns beautifully, gives off a splendid fragrance and diffuses its heat nicely. Cherry is not as aromatic, but it burns well too.

Here's how to build the perfect fire:

1. Open the damper.
2. Add a 10x10x10-inch base log, 2x2x2" dimension, cut to reflect the fire back to itself.

2. Over the ashes place a layer of twisted or crumpled newspaper.

3. Put your kindling (remember, that's the softwood) in a formation on the newspaper.

4. Then place two logs 3 or 5 inches thick and the width of your fireplace) on the andirons, immediately put the thicker or greasier log on the back to burn slowly and steadily. The front log—a split log is best—should have a couple inches of space between it and the back log.

5. Put another split log on top.

6. Make a small chimney in depth and light your match.

7. Enjoy!

## *A Child's Eye View*

# THE MAGICAL WORLD OF THE ILLUSTRATOR

by Emily Tucker



ome exceptional adults never lose the ability to see the world through the eyes of a child. They can not only enter into that world, they can create it on the pages of books that delight, surprise, entertain, teach and even comfort children. These are the illustrators of children's books, and central Virginia is blessed with several of these special people, each one with a unique style and audience but all able to recall a childlike vision, magnificently capturing that vision in their illustrations.

Tom Garber, Young Adult Services Coordinator for the Jefferson-Madison Regional Library, says, "Ricco is one of the few that encourages a child to read. Children in the library know through the looks, flipping through the pages, and are fast consumers of books because of the pictures." He says children's books for young adults typically sell more books than adults' books.

Frank Ricco has illustrated dozens of children's books in a wide range of categories, from picture books and early readers to new editions of classics. His work spans in one corner in his house, and his art spills out into the adjoining rooms. This means for sometimes weeks in a row, but it also means his eager four-year-old daughter, Laci, is immediately available to give him professional advice.

"I was always transfixed by images of deep space when I was a child. I was drawn to a picture with a road stretching like a ribbon rolling away over hills," says Ricco. "I have to make a picture where you want to jump into the illustration and follow where the path leads."

Each picture in a Ricco book includes a quantity of painstaking detail, and together the illustrations produce scenes that magically express emotions and expand and complement the words of the story. Amazingly, to meet the publishers' demanding schedules, Ricco must often complete the twenty or more illustrations for a book in just two or three weeks. He submits the watercolors to the editor in a few days that are returned with recommendations for changes, and a week later the final watercolor are at the printer.

Ricco prefers the more time-consuming medium of oil painting but says, "The fun of illustrating children's books is being like a director and a cinematographer. I guess out the pictures, trying to bring images to the story that are not actually suggested by the words."

*A Spotted Alphabet*, written by Ricco's wife, Morgan Simone Daleo, is his most recent book. It is being produced through a company they started, Grace Publishing and Communication, "created to celebrate creativity and spirit in children and families." With his own publishing company, Ricco finally has the luxury of time to work in oils, and has created rich, luminous illustrations that act like a gentle lullaby to comfort the reader.



From *The Blue and the Gray*, illustrated by Ned Bittinger.



Above: "They rocked to the east and jostled with knights." *A Rocking Horse Christmas*, illustrated by Ned Bittinger.

Left: Also from *A Rocking Horse Christmas*, by Mary Pope Osborne, "They raced Seattle Slew in the Kentucky Derby."

ALBEMARLE

Operating out of a vast downtown Charlottesville studio shared with other creative people, G.B. (Gail) McIntosh has been an artist her whole life, first as a sculptor and then as an illustrator. Over the last ten years she has worked as an illustrator for National Geographic's children's divisions and for the Core Knowledge Foundation, to illustrate their various books. The latter is a nonprofit organization directed by the University of Virginia's E.D. Hirsch, Jr., to provide educational resources for kindergarteners through sixth grade teachers throughout the nation. Currently McIntosh is creating, for the Foundation, the book packets for retold classics such as *The Legend of Sleepy Hollow*, *Treasure Island* and *Pollyanna*, which are being edited for fourth-grade readers. She paints the pictures for the book jackets in oils and allows her imagination and talent to capture the romance and excitement of these timeless stories.

In 1994 McIntosh illustrated a learning how-to-count pop-up book called *Nature By the Numbers*, published by Little Simon.

"I wanted the book to be unusual and full of surprises. When children look at the picture and see five eggs, they suppose the eggs will turn into little chicks but instead they are surprised by five crocodiles." Closer examination reveals that McIntosh created a book full of subtle surprises. While in one main illustration two buds become two daffodils, in the background the number two is repeated all over the page, with two little mushrooms, two grasshoppers, two ladybugs. The reader must search carefully to find all the numbered sets in the picture. Besides teaching numbers, the book depicts nature in accurate detail. The six tadpoles, which become six bullfrogs, and the nine nymphs that become nine dragonflies are biologically correct creatures. In one illustration there are fully 100 fireflies lighting up the night.

The children's book illustrator serves as a translator, interpreting and describing the writer's words with images that will enhance and extend the story. In most cases the illustrator has no communication with the author or editor about the planned illustrations. When well-known portrait painter Ned Bittinger, who lives at the foot of Old Rag Mountain in Sperryville, was initially asked to illustrate a children's book, his first attempt almost got him fired.

Bittinger became interested in illustrating children's books when he read an article on Chris Van Allsburg, who wrote and illustrated the book *The Polar Express*, among others. "I was struck by the quality of the work. I loved the idea of having a positive influence on thousands, perhaps millions of children around the world. I liked the idea of nicely bound books with my paintings sitting in people's houses being read and loved by children."

After reading the article, Bittinger sat down and wrote and illustrated a children's book and sent it to two publishers. Both liked his art but not the story. A year after he thought he had been forgotten, the editor at Scholastic called and asked him to illustrate a children's book on a Passover seder.

"I thought as a children's book illustrator I had to be very literal." The first line in the book is, "This is the Matzah that Papa brought home," so Bittinger's first painting was just that, a picture of a little boy holding a matzah cracker and pointing to it. The author was upset at the lack of originality, but the editor had confidence in Bittinger, saying, "At least he can paint, we can work with him." The editor called Bittinger and advised him to add life and movement to the illustrations. She told him he could tell his own story in pictures, going along with but not literally the same as what was written.

With the second set of paintings for the book, Bittinger got it. He had fun but also approached these pictures with the love and seriousness he would take in painting a portrait of a Supreme

Court justice. He spent months on the illustrations, even making a small plaster cast of the father in the story so he could get his profile just right in his paintings. In the final published edition of *The Matzah that Papa Brought Home*, by Fran Manushkin, which became an American Library Association Notable Children's Book, the family glows with life, the faces sparkle with emotion. The characters are alive with movement and the rich surroundings cause you to look again and again at each picture, admiring little details each time: the hand mixer, the overturned wine glass, the dog holding his leash for a walk. Each detail adds boundlessly to the story.

Bittinger's latest book from Scholastic is *A Rocking Horse Christmas*, written by Mary Pope Osborne. It tells of a little boy and his rocking horse and the adventures dreamed up by the boy—with a surprising twist at the end. "The story," says Bittinger, "was a great vehicle for illustration. The author was gracious enough to allow me to come up with my own fantasy for the boy and his rocking

Above: From *Curriculum of Love*, illustrated by Frank Riccio.  
Left: G.B. McIntosh's cover paintings for *Treasure Island* and *Pollyanna*.

Facing page, top: From *A Spirited Alphabet*, illustrated by Frank Riccio.

Facing page, bottom: Valerie Kells' lionfish (left) and sea otter.

horse. The Kentucky Derby image came out of that." It took Bittinger six months to create the preliminary drawings and then the paintings for the book, but its amazing charm and detail prove the time was well spent.

As a teenager growing up in southern California, Michael Erkel left samples of his art talent inscribed on his school desk, but he never considered art as a profession. However, in each of his jobs he found ways to express his creativity. Finally he started a graphic design company that has allowed him many outlets for his versatile artistic talents. He has twice received the prestigious Dillard Award, given for the best printed material in Virginia, and yet he finds time to illustrate children's books.

The Erkel household is busy with four grown children and three preschoolers. From telling and reading stories to their children, Cynthia Erkel wrote several children's books that Michael illustrated. One year, books in hand, they hit the streets of New York. They went door to door, showing editors their material. Happily, Michael was immediately asked to illustrate *The Amish* for Doubleday. Cynthia Erkel then wrote *The Farmhouse Mouse*, which was illustrated by Michael Erkel and published by G.P. Putnam's Sons in 1994.

*The Amish* is a history of the Amish people for older children. It is a good-sized book with lots of text and most of the illustrations spread over two pages, colorful and abundant in the details that give the essence of Amish life. As in *The Farmhouse Mouse*, the scenery looks very much like Crozet, where Michael has his studio and business.

In their deep desire to promote children's literature and to fill some of the

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Above and left: Two of Michael Erkel's illustrations for *The Amish*, by Doris Fisher, published by Doubleday.

gaps left by the downsizing of major commercial publishers, Erkel and his wife have started their own company, Cobble Hill Publishing.

Valerie Kells trained as an artist from the time she was a child, but while attending Boston College she decided to abandon art and pursue her love of science. Torn between the two disciplines, Kells found her niche when she discovered the natural history and science illustration program at the University of California at Santa Cruz.

"I was able to go back to art and use my own individual style. My art was always so precise. I wanted to draw every little detail that I saw. My art teachers hated my drawing, telling me to break it down, make it bigger, stronger, more abstract. At last I found instructors at Santa Cruz who en-

ALBEMARLE

couraged me to work with the details and perfect and refine them."

In her studio in Ivy, Kells is able to block out the distractions of her young sons and rambunctious dogs and meticulously draw waves of countless marine creatures. From bat stars and moon jellyfish to sharks and octopi, from minuscule to giant, Kells through her illustrations reveals some of the vast mysteries of the sea. Each drawing is filled with delicate details, subtle shadings and precise colors transforming even the most fearsome ocean animal into an object of controlled beauty. Her pictures suspend these beautiful and unusual creatures, making them more available and comprehensible than do the fleeting glimpses nature usually offers.

Kells finds deep satisfaction as a marine and nature illustrator and is es-

pecially happy to have her illustrations seen by children. "I see children glued to television when nature can be fascinating. I think children are often afraid of nature, it can be creepy and scary. For a child to embrace nature they have to understand it and then they will not be afraid. I hope through my illustration I help children to understand and appreciate nature and therefore learn to love and protect it."

Kells' work can be seen in some of the world's great aquariums. She draws hundreds of pictures of marine life that are placed along the walls of aquariums from California, New Jersey and North Carolina to Lisbon, Portugal. Her illustrations are placed on panels and used to give visitors to the aquarium clear, detailed information on the often barely seen creature in the tank. When she is drawing a life cycle

of a creature or showing technical marine operations, she often uses her resident critics, her sons, knowing that if they can explain to her what they see happening in the drawing other children will understand as well.

Kells has made a sticker book on marine life, published by Dover, and another book, *One Earth, A Multitude of Creatures*, by Peter and Connie Roop, published by Walker & Company, which illustrates a day in the lives of many of the marine and terrestrial animals, insects and birds in the Pacific Northwest.

Each of these artists brings to their work not only remarkable skill but also passion and wonder. They weave lessons and entertainment into their books, capturing their audiences with illustrations that do much more than bring the words to life. **A**

## LOCAL ILLUSTRATORS AND THEIR WORK

Please note that some of the following books are out of print but may be available in your local library.

### Ned Bittinger

*The Blue and the Gray*, by Eve Bunting. Scholastic Press, 1996.  
*The Matzah that Papa Brought Home*, by Fran Manushkin. Scholastic Press, 1995.  
*A Rocking Horse Christmas*, by Mary Pope Osborne. Scholastic Press, 1997.



### Michael Erkel

*The Amish*, by Doris Fisher. Doubleday, 1991.  
*The Farmhouse Mouse*, by Cynthia Rogen Erkel. G.P. Putnam's Sons, 1994.



### Valerie Kells

*Marine Stickers*, Dover Press.  
*One Earth, A Multitude of Creatures*, by Peter and Connie Roop. Walker Publishing Company, Inc., 1992.  
*Sea Searchers Handbook*, Monterey Bay Aquarium. Roberts Rinehart Publishers, 1996.



### G.B. McIntosh

*Nature By the Numbers*, by Lynette Ruschak. Little Simon, 1994.  
*What Your First Grader Needs to Know*, edited by E.D. Hirsch, Jr. Doubleday, 1991.  
*What Your Kindergartner Needs to Know*, edited by E.D. Hirsch, Jr. and John Holdren. Doubleday, 1996.



### Frank Riccio

*The Book of Dreams and Visions*, Grace Publishing & Communications, 1996.  
*Curriculum of Love*, by Morgan Simone Dallas. Grace Publishing & Communications, 1996.  
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# The Other Jeffersons

## Peter and Jane Jefferson's Forgotten Offspring

by Kay Collins Chreien

**T**homas Jefferson was born at Shadwell Plantation on April 13, 1743 to his parents Peter and Jane Randolph Jefferson. He was the first son but the third child of what would be a brood of ten children altogether.

Because of his later political career that culminated in his eight years as the third president of the new nation, the focus on Thomas Jefferson, his marriage to Martha Wayles Skelton, and their children and descendants is usually the rest of the story. But what of those other nine children in his immediate family? What are their stories?

Peter Jefferson was born at a place below Richmond on the James River that was first called Jefferson's Landing and later became known as Osborne's Landing. At his father's death, he inherited property located farther west on Fine Creek, a tributary of the James River, on its south side. Shortly after he claimed his patrimony the new county of Goochland was created, and in the new county Peter built a house and created a plantation for himself.

Across the James and a little farther east was Tuckahoe, the plantation built by Thomas Randolph. Jefferson became fast friends with Tuckahoe's then-owner, Thomas's son, William. William's uncle, Isham Randolph, made his home at Dungeness Plantation on the James, to the west of Peter's holdings on Fine Creek.

Isham's oldest daughter was Jane, and in 1739 at age nineteen she married her cousin's good friend Peter; he was thirty-two. They made their home at the Fine Creek plantation, and their first two children, both daughters, were born there.

The eldest Jefferson child was Jane, born in 1740. She became Thomas's closest sibling, his playmate in childhood, sharing his love of reading and music. She apparently acquired a particularly sweet and sophisticated singing voice, singing duets with Thomas or to his accompaniment on the violin. Late in life, Thomas would reminisce to his grandchildren about his sister Jane and her gift for song.

Thomas had only twenty-two years of Jane's companionship,

however, as she died at age twenty-five still unmarried. She did outlive her father by eight years.

Before her death Jane had acquired her dowry of 200 pounds and three slaves (two females, one male) from her father's estate and some accumulated items inventoried at her death. These included a spinning wheel, trunks, a tea chest, chairs and a table, a saddle and six books. Among her personal items were lace strings, a pair of satin shoes, three linen aprons, two gold rings, a pair of silver shoe buckles, gold sleeve buttons, and a silver thimble.

The second child born to the Jeffersons at Fine Creek was Mary, in 1741. She survived infancy and childhood and married at the age of her majority John Bolling, a descendant of John and Rebecca Rolfe, or Pocahontas.

Her marriage taking place a little more than three years after her father's death, Mary also had received her dowry of 200 pounds.

John Bolling's home was Fairfield, located in Goochland County, where he held several offices. Later, he moved his family to Chesterfield County.

Although the Bollings had at least ten children, the marriage was not always a happy one, as John had a drinking problem. There may even have been an estrangement between the two—whether Mary actually left him physically for a time is unclear—but her younger sister, Martha, alluded to John Bolling's desire for a reconciliation in a letter to Thomas in 1797.

Although always supportive of his older sister, Thomas was quite open to the rest of the family in his dislike of and lack of respect for John, and avoided going to see the couple when possible, although Mary was always welcome at Monticello without her husband.

John left Mary all of his property in his will—land, slaves, crops, animals, farm implements and household furniture, etc.—when he died in 1800.

Mary's death date was left blank in the table in Dumas Malone's Jefferson the Virginian, as two dates are mentioned in the research material at Monticello: 1804 and 1817. However, there



Marker at Thomas Jefferson's birthplace, Shadwell.

Photo by Jim Stump/Courtesy of the Special Collections Department, University of Virginia Library

is reference to a letter to Thomas from granddaughter Anne Cary Randolph dated 1804, which remarks, "I suppose you have heard of Aunt Bolling's death..."

Before his marriage, Peter Jefferson had begun to acquire land farther west in Goochland, at the foot of the Southwest Mountains. The land was on both sides of the Rivanna River and included one small mountain in the chain, where the river breaks through it.

In the year of Mary's birth Peter began construction of a house on a tract on the north side of the river, to be called Shadwell, after the parish of Jane's birthplace in England, and contemplated moving his growing family there.

The following year, 1742, the Jeffersons moved their household. Jane at the time was pregnant with their third child, Thomas, who was born at the new plantation the following spring.

It was a propitious time to move to the area, for three years later Albemarle County was formed, once again surrounding Peter's holdings. As he had in Goochland, Peter made sure he was included in the officers of the new county.

But it wasn't long before Peter was summoned to Tuckahoe by the will of his old friend William Randolph, who had died. Besides appointing Peter as one of his executors, Randolph had added a codicil specifying that Peter move to Tuckahoe and raise his son, Thomas Mann Randolph, who had been born a couple of years before Thomas Jefferson.

Although this was a significant imposition on the Jeffersons, they honored William's request, moving in 1746. Jane raised her five children with her cousin's two girls and Thomas Mann, teaching them the rudiments of reading, writing and numbers, before tutors were hired to teach those old enough. Thus, Thomas and his sisters grew through their childhoods not far from

Shadwell, but at Tuckahoe. The Jeffersons left Shadwell and their other properties in the care of overseers.

Before the move to Tuckahoe, Jane had given birth to another daughter in 1744—Elizabeth.

It was plain almost from the beginning of her life that Elizabeth was not like her siblings. Jane's branch of the sprawling Randolph family was marked by mental problems, and this hereditarily or a difficult birth, or perhaps both, surfaced in the unfortunate child. As a result, she had a slave companion with her at all times to watch over her.

Unfortunately, this vigil was not able to prevent Elizabeth from losing her life in 1774 at age thirty. Thomas, in his memorandum book dated March 1, 1774, noted, "my sister Elizabeth was found last Thursday, February 24."

Although not absolutely verified, it seems that three days before Monticello experienced an earthquake of some significance with two shocks, during which everyone in the house ran outside with the excitement, Elizabeth and her slave companion, Little Sal. In the excitement, Elizabeth and her slave companion, Little Sal, disappeared, to be found two days later. Little Sal had drowned while they were crossing the Rivanna, and Elizabeth was found more dead than alive, probably due to exposure. Brought back to the house, she expired several days later.

The Jeffersons stayed at Tuckahoe for almost seven years. In the year of their move to Tuckahoe, June had given birth to another daughter, Martha.

At age nineteen, Martha married Thomas Jefferson's best friend, Dabney Carr. Thomas had met Dabney while a student at the Reverend James Maury's school after moving back to

Albemarle. They became boon friends and spent a lot of time walking all over the little mountain that would eventually become Monticello. One of the boys' (and then young men's) favorite spots was under a spreading oak tree on the Secretary's Road side, where they made a pact with one another: whoever died first would bury the other in that spot, creating a graveyard.

Unfortunately for poor Martha, her husband Dabney became the first burial. He died of a fever in Charlottesville in 1773, after only eight years of marriage, and left his young widow with six children to raise. Her youngest child, Dabney Carr, Jr., had just been born and there were two not yet five years old.

Martha and her children came to live at Monticello almost immediately, and her grief, coupled with what would probably today be diagnosed as post-partum depression, drove her into a temporary insanity. She eventually recovered sufficiently to assume the task of rearing her children and shared

the responsibility of running Monticello. She outlived Dabney by thirty-eight years, helping to nurse Thomas' wife Martha in her last and fatal childbirth in 1782.

Two more children were born to the Peter Jeffersons while they lived at Tuckahoe. One son, named Peter Field, arrived in 1788, but lived only a month. A second son, born in 1790, was either stillborn or lived only a few hours. He went unnamed.

Land. The Lewises were no exception. Lucy's grown children with their growing families, with the exception of two daughters, decided to relocate to Livingston County, Kentucky. Lucy and her husband Charles Lilburne were to go with them, Lucy apparently traveling with the main group with Charles to follow soon after.

But instead of prosperity and happiness, the Kentucky move resulted in a period of

The Jefferson family returned to Shadwell sometime in 1750. Jane once again pregnant during the move and giving birth to her fifth daughter, Lucy, in that year.

At age seventeen, Lucy married her first cousin, Charles Lilburne Lewis, the son of Jane Jefferson's sister Mary Randolph and her husband Charles Lewis, Jr. Making their home in the area, they had ten children altogether.

During the early years of the 1800s, many people made the decision to move west from this area into Kentucky, lured by tales of rich, fertile and very cheap land. The Lewises were no exception. Lucy's grown children with their growing families, with the exception of two daughters, decided to relocate to Livingston County, Kentucky. Lucy and her husband Charles Lilburne were to go with them, Lucy apparently traveling with the main group with Charles to follow soon after.

But instead of prosperity and happiness, the Kentucky move resulted in a period of

unhappiness enduring to the end of Lucy's life, and for two of her sons, Lilburne and Isham, a descent into violence.

According to a rather luridly written newspaper account of the story in a Louisville newspaper, Charles Lilburne did not join the family until eight to nine months later. When he did arrive it was clear that he was not himself being moody and distracted. Within a few months he left and returned to Virginia, leaving Lucy and the rest of his family behind. In effect, he abandoned Lucy, because she never saw him again. She died in Kentucky in 1810, almost three years after arriving.

Her son, Lilburne, lost his first wife soon after Lucy's death, and with this event his life began to tumble out of control. He remarried soon after, but developed a fondness for liquor and began to exhibit uncontrollable rages.

It was during one of these episodes that a defiant slave tried to run away, and when caught almost immediately Lilburne took the slave into one of the outbuildings behind the house and killed him in cold blood with an axe. He then forced some of the other slaves to build a roaring fire and had them dismember the body and toss the parts into the inferno. His second wife took their infant son and fled to her parents.

It is not exactly clear what part Lilburne's brother Isham played in this drama, but when a warrant was issued some months later for Lilburne's arrest, Isham's name was included.

The two brothers decided they would commit joint suicide rather than submit to the authorities. Guns in hand, they went to Lucy's gravesite (her daughter-in-law was buried there also). Lilburne was to go first—and did. Isham lost his nerve and ran into the forest, but was arrested shortly thereafter.

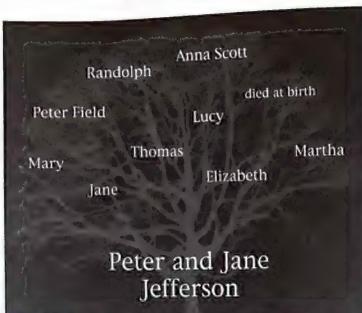
Isham managed to escape from jail and joined the army under an assumed name, where he exhibited reckless courage in the battles taking place along the Gulf of Mexico during the War of 1812. He was killed in 1815 in the front ranks of the Battle of New Orleans.

Lucy's husband, Charles Lilburne, outlived her by twenty-one years, dying in 1833.

The last two of Peter and Jane's children to be born before his death at age fifty in 1757 were twins—Anna Scott and Randolph—in 1758.

At the relatively "old" age of thirty-three, Anna Scott married an Albemarle neighbor, Hastings Marks, and settled with him on his plantation in the southwestern part of Albemarle. Thomas was in Paris at the time of their marriage, and wrote to each of them with congratulations.

Anna Scott is the only one of the mar-



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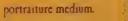
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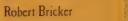
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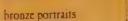
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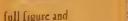
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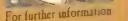
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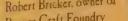
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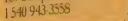
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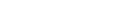
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*"That kid with the big brown eyes heard  
too many times that she was a stray cat. She worked  
to earn her place at the table. Not only did I survive,  
I triumphed. I owned the goddamn table."*

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Below and right:  
Tuckahoe in Goochland County,  
where the Jeffersons spent seven  
years and Thomas Jefferson lived  
for much of his childhood.



ried Jefferson offspring who had no children. She died at age seventy-three in 1828, the only sibling to outlive Thomas, who died in 1826.

In her will, Randolph, being the only living male heir besides Thomas, shared in Peter's legacy of land. As Thomas was only fourteen, he had to wait seven and one-half years to choose which of two "sets" of land holdings he wanted. One was designated the "Fluvanna Lands," located in southern Albemarle on both sides of the James (Albemarle at the time included all of the counties of Nelson, Buckingham, Amherst, Fluvanna, Appomattox and part of Campbell); the other, "Rivanna Lands" mostly along the river. Thomas, of course, chose the 2,650 acres of the latter. That meant Randolph wound up with just over 2,291 acres, which turned out to be prime farmland.

As an adult, Randolph made his home at Snowden, now in Buckingham County, in the vicinity of Yugoslavia.

In the correspondence between Thomas and his brother that still exists, Randolph shows in spelling and grammar none of Thomas's polish and elegance; indeed, one can see that he had the bare essentials of education and not much more. Further, throughout his life, he relied on Thomas's assistance both financially and practically, and comes across as a tank on complicated issues.

It is recorded that Randolph shared no interests with Thomas's music and involvement in politics. He also was given violin lessons, and he was among the signers of the Virginia Declaration of Independence. During the Revolutionary War, Snowden provided provisions, horses and slave labor for the Continental Army, while Randolph served in

#### the Corps of Virginia Light Dragoons.

In 1770 Randolph married his first cousin, Anna Jefferson Lewis, who was his older sister Lucy's husband, Charles Lilliburne Lewis. The couple had five sons and one daughter. One son, Thomas Jefferson, Jr., further cemented the Lewis-Jefferson connection by marrying his double first cousin, Mary Randolph Lewis, a daughter of Charles Lilliburne and Lucy Lewis.

Anna Lewis died sometime before 1808, and Randolph remarried within a short time to Michie B. Pivott, with whom he had one son. It is these six sons of Randolph who carried on the Jefferson name, as the only children of Thomas to reach adulthood and marry were his daughters Martha and Mary.

Randolph's second marriage caused ill will between his first son and his new wife. She kept her husband constantly in debt, and shortly before his death in 1815 enticed him to make a will that would be favorable to her at his death, especially to her son, then made the matter to court, and even had Thomas send a deposition to the fact that Randolph could be easily influenced by others to do some things that, if given a careful thought, would not have been wise.

Jane Randolph Jefferson was thirty-seven when Peter died in 1757. She survived him nineteen more years, seeing in that time the burning of her home at Shadwell in 1770, the twins coming into their majority, and her son Thomas becoming more and more embroiled in the coming war with England. Jane died at Shadwell (probably living in one of the other buildings on the property) in 1776—two years before her son-to-be-famous son wrote the Declaration of Independence. ■

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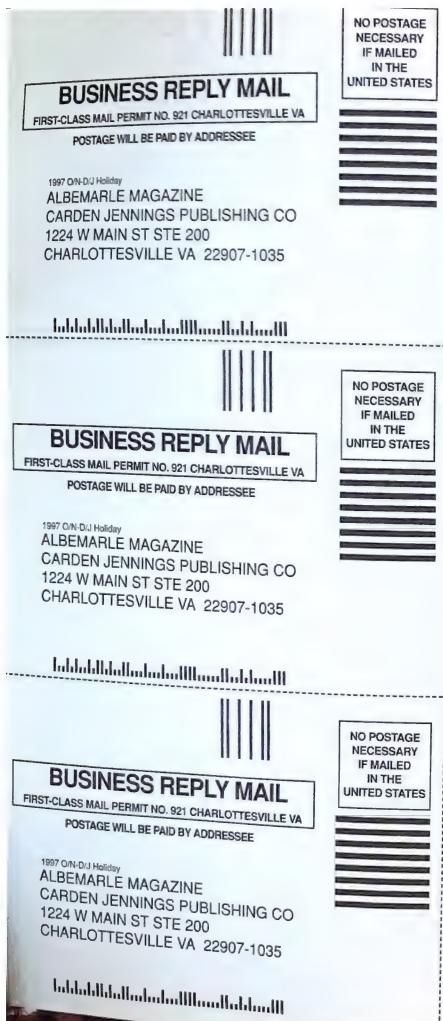
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*continued from page 35*

Indeed, Elzinga needed to find educational justification for his mystery indulgence, even for the creation of his economist-sleuth Henry Spearman. "There's a side of me that thinks solving mysteries is dilettantish," he laughs. When he considers, however, and realizes that, yes, each novel does contain a series of lessons in economics, and yes, each does make economics more accessible, he cuts himself a little slack: "Okay, maybe this is legitimate."

ECON 201 meets Tuesdays and Thursdays in two sections. Usually the auditorium is packed, but today it is not. Fall break begins the next day, and Elzinga gently wonders if some of his students haven't begun their vacations a little early. To break the ice, Elzinga opens by saying that the word "around the Grounds" is that the exam they have just taken was "relaxing and fun to take." The immediate outburst of appreciative laughter says that this may not be so.

For nearly twenty years Elzinga has taught this introductory course. Although he originally preferred teaching upper

level courses, the department chair asked him to step in for a while when the previous instructor needed to leave on short notice. Now it seems that Principles can be taught by no other. "Students know Ken Elzinga's 201 class prior to even enrolling as undergraduates," explains John Elder, a visiting professor of economics and former Elzinga teaching assistant. "They're told about the class by friends who are already at the University."

"I took the class upon the recommendation of others saying that he was terrific and it was worth taking his class to have the experience," former student Jennifer Gilpatrick remembers. "If a thousand students pass through his class every year, you can imagine that it's a huge percentage of Virginia alone."

Elzinga's 400-level antitrust class in the spring enjoys no less of a draw. "Some students sign up for his ECON 201 class as freshmen and then get on the waiting list for his antitrust class. And they have to wait three years before they can get in the class," says Gilpatrick.

For those not naturally disposed to charting graphs of supply and demand or discussing margins of utility, the idea of racing to take a principles of economics or antitrust class is baffling indeed. Yet the uninitiated should keep an open out-

look: it is impossible to pinpoint what makes that one special teacher—regardless of the subject—such an extraordinary part of one's life, or what makes him or her "click," literally opening up whole new worlds for us. It is important to note that many of the students who pack Elzinga's class each fall—if not the majority of them—are not economics majors, many, in fact, are in completely unrelated fields. We must therefore turn to Elzinga himself, and not just to the material, in order to understand what has excited and inspired generations of students in such a way. And in so doing, we learn of the tremendous religious faith that is at the very core of his educational philosophy and outlook.

"I look upon my Christian faith as being something that gives meaning to what I'm doing here," Elzinga explains. "When the apostle Paul says that the worker is worthy of his hire—when we're told whatever we do in thought or deed, do as unto the Lord—that means God honors work. And from a Christian perspective, if we are directed to do everything as unto the Lord, that includes our work. For me, that means that even the things that are mundane and mundane—like grading papers—I'm called to do as unto the Lord. Our God was a creating God, and

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I'm being asked to be part of a creating enterprise: the education of young men and women.

"The other thing the Christian faith does is it reminds me that people are really precious, and that they're created in God's image. And because people are precious, I have found that we can become a source of friends."

Elzinga's relationship with his students has also been a source of support. "When my first wife died, there were a couple of students who ministered to me in a way that amazed me in terms of the depth of their care," he says. "They were as mature and as genuine as somebody who was thirty years older and had gone through that experience."

**E**lzinga draws upon the influence that others have had over him during the course of his life. Born in Coopersville, Michigan in 1941, he grew up with a family that had sent no one to college. His father was a farmer who had to move his family to Kalamazoo when he broke: "We were not people of affluence by any means."

Elzinga attended public schools where he studied mechanical drawing. Because his two older brothers had not gone to

college, his high school counselor entered the third brother in a non-college curriculum. The opportunities, however, altered the shy young man's course. At fourteen, Elzinga began working at a local sporting goods store. "That was a wonderful opportunity for me," he explains. "I look back upon that as just as much a break in my life as maybe being sent to a fine school, because I worked under a man who was articulate, he had high expectations, he was funny. And that mix of high expectations with good humor had a big impact on me."

Also, as a child, Elzinga had learned to play tennis on public courts. He later played on his high school's team and then was offered a tennis scholarship by the local Kalamazoo College. A surprised Elzinga accepted the award and began his academic career as a mediocre student and quite green "townie."

Cleland pressed Elzinga to apply for the Woodrow Wilson Fellowship, which he was awarded. He then received both his M.A. and his Ph.D. at Michigan State University, where, away from home for the first time, a generous fellowship meant, also for the first time, that he did not have to do any work beyond his work as a student.

Elzinga, though Elzinga still doesn't understand why, he hadn't demonstrated any abilities. He was only in the class because he thought it would do some good when he went into the sporting goods business. Nevertheless, the professor did take an interest, and did know his name, and did invite him to his house. "Professor Cleland had a profound impact upon me," Elzinga observes. "And I've often wondered, if he had taught history, would I possibly be a historian? If he taught biology, would I be a biologist?" Though it was hard to do, at the end of his second year he quit tennis and then his grades "blossomed."

Cleland pressed Elzinga to apply for the Woodrow Wilson Fellowship, which he was awarded. He then received both his M.A. and his Ph.D. at Michigan State University, where, away from home for the first time, a generous fellowship meant, also for the first time, that he did not have to do any work beyond his work as a student.

**W**hen Elzinga came to Charlottesville in 1967, newly married, he thought he would only be at the University of Virginia for three years or so. His interests rested mainly in teaching; he thought that

the research required by the University would be daunting. Two discoveries, however, caused him to change his perspective. First, research meant publishing, and with publishing came the realization that he liked seeing his name in print. Second, a component of research reminded Elzinga of tennis: "There was a kind of discipline that was required, a type of practice." Publishing was like winning a match. Over seventy matches have now been won (not including book reviews), with books that have titles as diverse as *Murder at the Margin* (a Marshall Jeavons novel) and *The Audited Pendulum: A Study in Law and Economics*, and with articles such as "Pricing Achievements in Large Companies" and "Ezra Pound and the GNP."

Elzinga's distinctions and awards since coming to Charlottesville are too numerous to mention, though he singles out the Z Society Outstanding Teaching Award in 1973 and the Thomas Jefferson Award in 1992 as the two honors he is most proud of since coming to the University. For three years now, Elzinga and his second wife, Terry, have lived on the Lawn in Pavilion IV: locals know his home for among other things, the giant porcelain bulldog that resides in the front window.

On Thursday nights, mixed groups of students are invited for a ten o'clock study break of brownies and milk. "My first wife and I made the decision. We would really not have the time to do the whole social scene with faculty and have a home for our students. There's just not enough time in the day. We talked a little bit about that, and we—without any formal contract—kind of moved into the decision that we were going to have a home that was open to students. And that would mean that we weren't going to have my colleagues in a lot for dinner, and weren't going into the cocktail party circuit. Not out of a moral opposition to that activity, even recognizing that there were many friendships we wouldn't make because of that. But we wanted to have a home open to students the way Professor Cleland had invited me to his home when I was just a young pup. My second wife has entered very much into that same vein."

In front of hundreds of students back in the Principles class, the memory of Professor Cleland is no less at hand. Students struggling to copy the graphs and charts displayed on the screen are occasionally frustrated by Elzinga, who from time to time asks them to briefly stop writing. He wants them to listen to and understand a certain point or explanation; notes can be made up later, or in

the research required by the University would be daunting. Two discoveries, however, caused him to change his perspective. First, research meant publishing, and with publishing came the realization that he liked seeing his name in print. Second, a component of research reminded Elzinga of tennis: "There was a kind of discipline that was required, a type of practice." Publishing was like winning a match. Over seventy matches have now been won (not including book reviews), with books that have titles as diverse as *Murder at the Margin* (a Marshall Jeavons novel) and *The Audited Pendulum: A Study in Law and Economics*, and with articles such as "Pricing Achievements in Large Companies" and "Ezra Pound and the GNP."

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sections with teaching assistants. Difficult economic theories are interwoven with anecdotes and examples to which students can easily relate; meanwhile there is no feeling of compromise in the air. It is very clear that Elzinga expects his students to learn these difficult principles. Yet if they are willing to work, then so is he. He asks questions before and after class deserves his utmost and careful attention. When he speaks individually to his students, he writes examples and formulae on a nearby board, while mainly keeping a steady eye contact with his interlocutor. His speech is measured and gentle, but his eyes seem to search for that instant when a student understands and the question disappears.

**I**s the hobby of writing murder mysteries an outlet for a darker side of this kind and revered professor? Actually, probably not. The problem with collaborations is that it's hard to tell. William Breit taught economics at the University of Virginia from 1965 until 1983, before going to Trinity University in San Antonio. Like Elzinga, he received his Ph.D. from Michigan State University, and because of their common background they met quickly and became good friends. They even published together in such publications as the *Harvard Law Review* and the *Journal of Law and Economics*.

As friends would, they vacationed together; as economists would, they traveled during the off-season. In the mid-70s Breit packed his suitcase full of mysteries and joined the Elzinga in the Virgin Islands. "One night as we were walking back from the dining room," Breit remembers, "I said to Ken, 'I'm reading these murder mysteries, but I tell you, the ones I have are just not very good. I think I can write a better mystery.' And Ken said, 'Really? Why don't you do it?' So Breit, who had been toying with the idea of an econometrics-detective for a while, suggested that they collaborate. "I said, 'Well, Ken, we work so well together, why don't we do it?' And with that, Elzinga, who didn't read mysteries, was handed a pile to take home."

Their first mystery, *Murder at the Marigold*, was written over the span of three years and in both professors' spare time. It was a critical and popular success, and John R. Haring Jr. praised it in the *Wall Street Journal*, writing, "if there is a more painless way to learn economic principles, scientists must have recently discovered how to implant them in ice cream." The subsequent novels of "Marshall Jevons," *The Fatal Equilibrium* and *A Deadly Indifference*,

have enjoyed similar acclaim and a growing audience all over the world.

Each novel avoids graphic violence and is more in the tradition of Agatha Christie than Robert Ludlum or Raymond Chandler. Inspired by the character of Hercule Poirot, among others, Breit and Elzinga transposed some of the characteristics of fellow economist Milton Friedman (who is now also a fan) upon their own sleuth. "Henry Spearman is a professor of economics, but he thinks economics, breathes economics and lives economics every moment," Breit explains. "And he uses his economic reasoning to find flaws in people's explanations for why they did certain things."

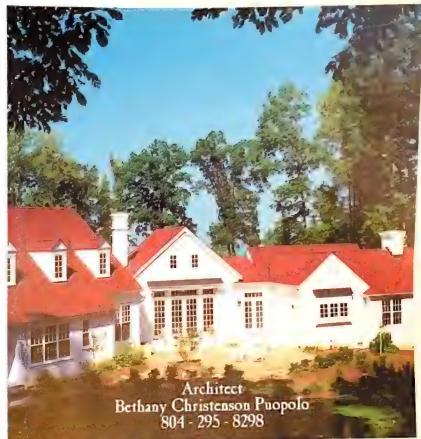
The joy that both economists must take in writing these novels, even in having some fun at the expense of themselves and their own discipline, is obvious in steamy passages like this one from *A Deadly Indifference*:

*[Spearman] had told [his wife] Pidge more than once before they were married that love, to an economist, was a matter of interdependent utility functions. Interdependent utility functions were the very essence of love: one receives pleasure giving the other person pleasure. With all that's written about love, Spearman did not know of a songwriter who had ever picked up on this theme. But he thought this probably was because of the difficulty of getting lyrics to rhyme with "interdependent utility function," and not with the subtlety of the concept.*

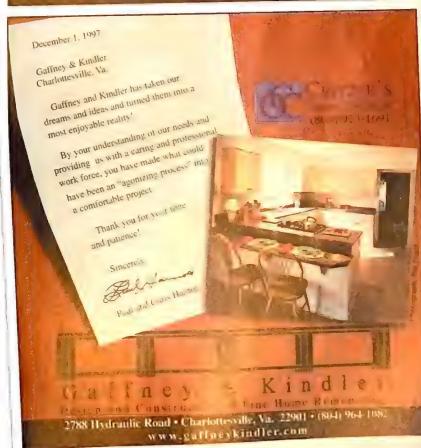
**B**ack in ECON 201, Elzinga is having his students read *The Fatal Equilibrium* because of the novel's playful use of theories they've been discussing. Also, the professor feels it's appropriate that students who have never read a detective story do so at the school Edgar Allan Poe attended.

In the end, interdependent utility functions may not be the most resounding poetic term for a teacher's special bond with his students in and out of college. But it is a term that Elzinga explains them to know, and it does give him pleasure when they get it. On the other hand, some form of pleasure must be derived by the thousands of students who have worked hard to make it in his classes. Perhaps no adequate rhyme will be found, but it may be the best explanation we can hope to have of that extraordinary and rare relationship. **a**

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The image is a Kroger Food & Drug advertisement. At the top center is the Kroger logo with 'Food & Drug' underneath. Below the logo is the slogan 'Save Our Register Tapes'. The central graphic features a globe resting on a computer keyboard. A yellow key on the keyboard is labeled 'Information Highway'. Below this, the word 'FREE' is written in large, bold, red letters. Underneath 'FREE', the text 'Equipment For Your School' is written in a smaller, italicized font. The background of the main image is a dark, textured surface. There are several small, square inset images: one in the top left corner with the 'Tapes for Education' logo; one in the top right corner showing a computer monitor; one in the middle left showing a globe; one in the middle right showing a book; and one in the bottom right corner showing a grid of school-related items like a calculator, a pencil, and a book. The overall theme is education and technology.



## EVENTS

*All events, dates, times and locations are subject to change. Please send your events listings to Albemarle Events Coordinator Janice Moler or fax to 979-4025.*

**Arts Line**  
Arts Line: 980-3366. This service provides weekly updates on cultural events happening in and around central Virginia.

## THEATER

*The Good Person of Sichuan*  
Nov. 20-22, Dec. 3-6, 8 p.m. Bertolt Brecht's  
polemical play dealing with one of the great  
dilemmas of the human struggle: in order to  
prosper, is it best to be kind or best to be  
mercenary? At the Culbreth Theatre.  
Box office 204-8875.

**Really Rosie**  
Dec. 5, 6, 7, 12, 13, 14, 19, 20 & 21, Fri. & Sat. 8 p.m., Sun. 2:30 p.m. The Four County Players usher in the holiday season with this exploration of the inner lives of children based on Maurice Sendak's "Nutshell Library" series. Information: 540-832-5355.

Department of Drama's graduate actors. At the Helms Theatre. Information: 924-8376.

**MUSIC**  
**Tuesday Evening Concert Series**  
**Dec. 2, 8:15 p.m.** Aules Ensemble features  
An Evening in the Home of J.S. Bach, with  
works by Vivaldi, Telemann and others. At  
Cahill Hall. Information 924-3984.

University Singers Holiday Concert  
Dec. 5, 8:15 p.m. Conducted by Don Loach.  
At Cabell Hall. Information: 924-3984.

**Debut of Mark Bzdick's New Work**  
Dec. 6, 7 p.m. Debut of Mark Bzdick's new recording of original Christmas music, "I'll Bring My Music"; and two performances by

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and for children: "P.O. Box 1, North Pole," and "A Christmas Change of Face." At the Senior Center. Admission \$5. Information: 974-6562.

**Black Voices Holiday Concert**  
Dec. 13, 7 p.m. & 9:30 p.m. At Cabell Hall. Information: 924-3984.

**Glee Club Holiday Concerts**  
Dec. 13, 7 p.m. & 9:30 p.m. At Cabell Hall. Information: 924-3984.

**Messiah Singin**  
Dec. 16, 8 p.m. This popular event will be directed by Don Loach. At Cabell Hall. Information: 924-3984.

**Municipal Band Annual Winter Concert**  
Dec. 16, 8 p.m. Come and enjoy this popular concert at Lane Auditorium in the County Office Building. Free. Information: 978-4164.

**Oratorio Society**  
Dec. 21, 8 p.m. The Oratorio Society presents its Christmas Candlelight Concert at Cabell Hall. Conductor Don Loach will invite the audience to join in singing traditional carols. Information and tickets: 295-4985.

**Zephyrus**  
Dec. 21, 8 p.m. The Candlelight Christmas Concert will be held at St. Paul's Memorial Church. Information: 299-5339.

**Sounds of the Seasons A Holiday Concert at Ash Lawn-Highland**  
Dec. 26-28, 4:30 p.m. The Family Chamber Players of Scotscastle perform holiday music from around the world. Admission charge includes Monroe house tour and concert. Information: 295-9359.

**Charlottesville & University Symphony Orchestra**  
Jan. 24, 8:15 p.m. & Jan. 25, 3:30 p.m. The Symphony Orchestra will perform works by Haydn and Racel. Information: 924-3984.

**Jazz Faculty Concert**  
Jan. 31, 8:15 p.m. Pete Spaar, John D'earth, Bob Hallinan, Jeff Decker and Robert Jospe will be performing. Information: 924-3984.

**DANCE**  
*The Nutcracker*  
Dec. 21, 1 p.m. & 4 p.m. The Concert Ballet of Virginia and Academy of Dance Arts present the tenth anniversary of this production. Information: 293-8554.

## MUSEUM & GALLERY EXHIBITS

**Bayly Art Museum**  
Dec. 4, 5:30 p.m. Exhibition Lecture: The Story of Kansa in Indian Painting by Daniel Ehnbom, adjunct curator of South Asian art, will be held at Campbell Hall, Room 153. Reception follows in the Museum.

**Through Dec. 21.** (Un)Chained: Visions of Freedom and Unfreedom in Prints and Photographs. Works from the Bayly collection presented in conjunction with the Virginia Film Festival.

**Through Jan. 4.** Realms of Heroism: Indian Painting from the Brooklyn Museum of Art. This exhibition features eighty paintings commissioned by royal patrons in the 15th through 19th centuries examining the heroic ideals that permeated both the style and subject matter of these exquisite miniatures.

**The Bayly Museum** is located on Rugby Road. Open Tues-Sun., 1 p.m.-5 p.m. Information: 924-3592. Internet address: <http://www.virginia.edu/~bayly/bayly.html>.

**Through Dec. 14.** Display of paintings by Russ Warren and John Borden Evans. Information: 973-5566.

**Virginia Museum of Fine Arts**  
Through Jan. 11. See a set of rare engravings illustrating the Book of Job by English poet and artist William Blake. 2800 Grove Ave., Richmond. Information: 804-367-0852.

**ARTS & CRAFTS**  
Annual Art for Gift Exhibition & Sale  
Through Dec. 23. The Stanton Augusta Art Center, located in the historic pumphouse building at the entrance to Gypsy Hill Park, hosts this event, which includes ceramics, glass, paintings, prints, cards, jewelry, toys, ornaments and more. The Art Center is open 9 a.m.-5 p.m. Mon.-Fri. & noon-5 p.m. Saturday. Information: 540-885-2028.

## LECTURES

**Conversations on Louis Jaffe, Human Rights Advocate**  
Dec. 2, 4 p.m. Alexander Leichtbold speaks at the Virginia Foundation for the Humanities, 145 Ednam Drive. Information: 924-3296.

**Conversations on the African-American Community at Monticello**  
Dec. 9, 4 p.m. Lucia C. Stanton, senior

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research historian at the International Center for Jefferson Studies at Monticello, will speak at the Virginia Foundation for the Humanities, 145 Ednam Drive. Information: 924-8396.

#### ANTIQUES

**14th Annual Charlottesville Antiques Show**  
Jan. 9, 6:30 p.m.-9:30 p.m., Jan. 10, 11 a.m.-7 p.m. & Jan. 11, noon-5 p.m. Over 40 distinguished dealers will offer a fine display of 18th- and 19th-century furnishings, silver, textiles, prints, books and other antique accessories. Information: 296-8018.

#### LIVING HISTORY

**Albemarle County Historical Society**  
Through Jan. 1. "Scaling the Sufferer: A History of Medicine in Charlottesville" explores Charlottesville's history as a medical town and traces the history of local medicine from Thomas Jefferson's day to the present. Exhibit Hall open Mon. through Fri., 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.; Sat. 10 a.m. to 1 p.m. Information: 296-1492.

#### WINE FESTIVALS

**Winter Open House at After Mountain Vineyards**  
Dec. 6, 7, 13 & 14. Barrel tastings, release of red wines, minestrone soup and door prizes. Free. Information: 540-450-8667.

**Totier Creek Winery**  
Dec. 13. Gather around the Carriage House fireplace, sample new releases, enjoy hot mulled wine and sing a carol. Browse in the gift shop. Information: 800-683-6174.

**Holiday Open House at Prince Michel**  
Dec. 13, 10 a.m.-5 p.m. There will be wine and gift discounts and wine and cheese for all. Information: 540-547-3707.

**Oakencroft Christmas Candlelight Tastings & Tours**  
Dec. 20-21, 6 p.m.-9 p.m. Sample light snacks and Oakencroft wines. \$4/person includes wine glass. Information: 296-4188, ext. 21.

#### KIDS' STUFF

**Ready Rosie**  
Dec. 5, 6, 7, 12, 13, 14, 19, 20 & 21, Fri. & Sat. 8 p.m., Sun. 2:30 p.m. The Four County Players usher in the holiday season with this exploration of the inner lives of children based on Maurice Sendak's popular "Nussell Library" series. Information: 540-832-9355.

**Virginia Discovery Museum**  
Little Gym on Wheels

ALBEMARLE

**Dec. 6, 2-5 p.m.** Beginning tumbling activities for all ages.

**Dough Boys, Girls and Thingamajigs**  
Dec. 13, 11 a.m.-12 noon. Making ornaments and gifts with quick-drying dough. Ages 3-5.

**Through Jan. 18.** The Magical Measurement History Tour. Join us in the Museum's back gallery as we take a walk through history measuring as we travel in time.

**The Virginia Discovery Museum** is on the Downtown Mall in Charlottesville. Information: 977-1025. <http://www.comet.net/vdm>

#### First Night Virginia

**Dec. 31, 3 p.m.-2 a.m.** Downtown Charlottesville's family-oriented New Year's Eve celebration at the arts. Admission charge. Information: 296-8209.

#### HOLIDAY REVELRY

**Gingerbread and Lace: A Christmas Celebration at Ash Lawn-Highland**  
Dec. 5 & 12, 6:30 p.m. Return to a Virginia country Christmas of the 1800s with caroling, storytelling, ornament making, tree trimming and refreshments.

#### Christmas on South East Street

**Home Tour in Culpeper**  
Dec. 6. Half a dozen Culpeper's historic homes will open their doors for touring. All of the homes were built between the mid-1800s and the early 1900s. The home tour is complemented by a re-creation of a Confederate encampment on the lawn of the Hill Mansion by professional Civil War re-enactors. Information: 540-859-0780.

#### Christmas by Candlelight at Ash Lawn-Highland

**Dec. 6 & 13, 7 p.m., 7:45 p.m. & 8:30 p.m.** A candlelight tour and entertainment. Explore customs and holiday decorations from Monroe's time through 1900. Refreshments served.

#### Totier Creek Winery

**Holiday Open House at Prince Michel**  
Dec. 13, 10 a.m.-5 p.m. There will be wine and gift discounts and wine and cheese for all. Information: 540-547-3707.

**Nativity Play and Dinner at Oak Ridge Carriage House**  
Dec. 18-19, 5:30 p.m. Sponsored by the Nelson County Habitat for Humanity. Information: 263-6923.

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## TAILGATE

### LOSING YOUR MARBLES

*Rita Mae Brown*

Each New Year's Eve, Mom and Dad secured a babysitter (a word I detested) and escaped the joys of parenting to dance the night away at the Valencia Ballroom.

Louise, on the other hand, took noisemakers, candy and small gifts to the county home where my great-aunt Doney resided. Her Christian duties done, Louise would drop by the Valencia, where her husband Peatlie was waiting for her. Actually, he didn't wait. He started dancing early.

December 29, Mom threw dresses, shoes, gloves and purses onto her bed. She was playing mix and match. I sat on the corner of the bed, stupefied into silence by this feminine frenzy.

"Hate that." A beaded purse whapped against the wall. Mickey the cat jumped onto my lap, being uncertain as to Mother's aim.

"Ugh." A pair of slingsbacks dropped to the floor. "I have nothing to wear. Nothing." She collapsed beside the bed in mock despair. "I'll have to go naked and it's cold as a brass monkey out there."

"Wear your red dress, Mom. You look pretty."

"Thank you, kid. I can't wear the red dress because I just wore it to Mary Bear's Christmas party."

"How come you can't wear the same dress twice?"

"You can, but you've got to space it out or wear it to parties where there will be different people. Keep showing up in the same clothes and people will think you're broke or you don't want to show off for them. It's all about giving others something to look at. Most people are bored. Break the boredom." She seized a staples silvery dress. "Can't. If Louise loses her temper she'll pull my top down."

The door opened downstairs. "Yoo-hoo."

"Upstairs."

Louise tramped up. "Jus' Berlin looked better than this in 1945."

"What are you going to wear?"

"A dark green dress with a high collar trimmed in silver fox. Thought Doney would appreciate it."

"She'd appreciate it more if you brought her booze." Aunt Wheezie ignored this so Mother continued. "Soo, Louise, lend me twenty dollars. I want to buy that shiny black dress with the white feathers I saw in the Bon Ton."

"I will not."

"I'll help you entertain Aunt Doney."

Aunt Louise started to say something but closed her mouth, thought a moment and then said, "Okay, but don't get her excited. Jus' you know how she gets."

"Crazy as a bedbug," Mother commented on Doney's behavior. She was "simple," having a child's mind in a seventy-year-old body.

New Year's Eve, early evening, Mother, in the black and white feathered dress, sat beside Aunt Louise in her green dress as they drove to the county home. I languished in the back seat because I knew after this kind act I'd have to go home while the adults hit the Valencia.

Mother brought a huge fruit basket as her gift. We'd spent the day filling them with gin. Mom snatched a fat hypodermic needle from a

veterinarian friend. Each orange and apple was juicy with booze.

Aunt Louise brought canned goods, breads and tons of cookies, which she'd collected from her friends. The staff greeted us raptously. The folks in the home, most of them old, brightened too.

Aunt Doney, maybe five feet tall and skinny, skipped over and took my hand. She thought she was a little girl so she wanted to play. Knowing this I'd brought my bag of marbles—Doney liked marbles.

As we played, Aunt Doney ate two oranges. The other "regulars" as they were known, ate lots of fruit too. Everyone became more animated, but Mom and Aunt Louise didn't notice at first because they were gossiping with the director, a good friend.

I knocked out Doney's favorite marble, a red cleare.

"Cheater!"

"Hit it out fair and square," I defended myself.

"Liar." She hit me with half of her third orange.

I hit her back. She was bigger and stronger than I was. I grabbed the red cleare and my marbles and tore down the highly polished linoleum hall.

Aunt Doney ran after me screaming, "Cheater!" at the top of her lungs. Some of the other tips residents followed.

Mother heard the commotion and saw me streak away followed by a pace-faced Doney. Some of the regulars thundered behind Doney while others tore down the drapes. Food was flying everywhere and a lot of gaudy-haired people were jumping up and down on chairs.

Louise watched, stunned, as the staff raced to quiet the rioters.

"Jus..." she edged toward the front door.

"What?"

Louise spied two apples on a card table left standing. She picked one up, sniffed it, then bit into it. "I know it!" She spit out the gin-soaked special. "You'll pay for this!"

I had turned a corner, heading back into the main living room. Looking over my shoulder I saw the gang of elderly vigilantes on my heels. I turned to face them, opened my hand and cast the marbles. They rats-tat-ted on the hard linoleum floor. Old people went down like ninepins.

Mother grabbed my hand and hustled me out the front door, leaving Louise to pacify Doney and make promises to pay for damages.

Once outside, a furious Louise slammed the car door shut. As she drove home she told Mother how irresponsible she was, how I was a chip off the old block and other sentiments in the same vein.

"Keep going," Mom said.

"You think I'm near finished?"

"No, I mean keep going. Don't turn to home. Let's go straight to the Valencia."

"What about her?" She nodded toward the back seat.

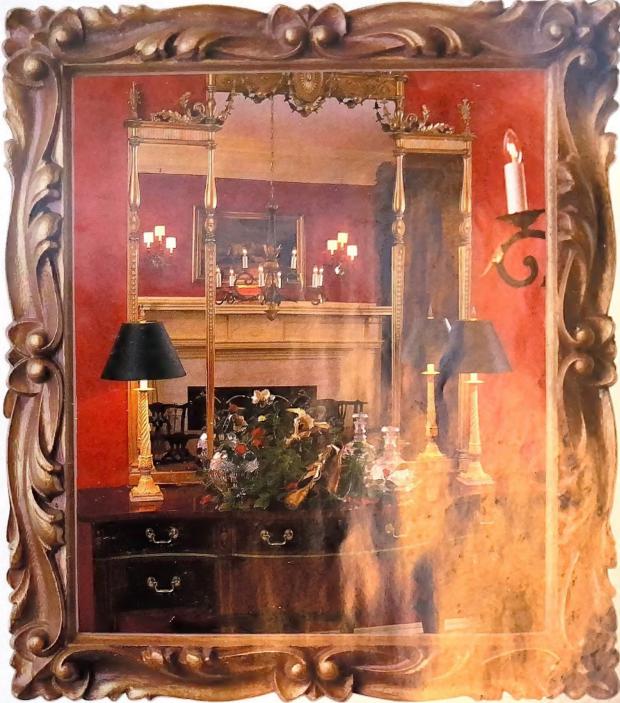
"If she can escape that hand of gin-soaked idiots, she might as well go to the dance."

That was the first New Year's Eve I spent out of the house. And I learned that people could fall down even if you didn't throw marbles on the floor. *a*

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